Horticultural Society

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

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AND NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURE.

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Editorial.

HEALTH IN THE FARM-HOUSE.

This is the season when fermentation is progressing rapidly, and vile odors are being generated to pollute the air and to disseminate the seeds of such infectious diseases as scarlet and typhoid fever, diptheria, cholera, etc. Farmers are longer lived than any other class of citizens—statistics showing their average age at death for the last thirty-five years in Massachusetts as being 53.57 years, while the average of all other classes has been 51.15, and the average of mechanics laboring out of doors, the next longest lived class, has been 53.05, still it is a great mistake to suppose that the rural districts are more free from typhoid fever and other infectious diseases than are cities and large villages. The germs of typhoid fever especially, a disease which now causes about one-fifth of the deaths in Massachusetts, are generated from the sewage and other filth in and around the farm-house. The sewerage of cities has been so perfected, that in this respect they have the advantage over the country, and the largest number of deaths from filth diseases is now reported from the rural districts. Health is the great blessing of life, as, without this, other blessings cannot be enjoyed; and farmers, long-lived though they are, must see to it that they do not fall behind other classes in the enjoyment of what Emerson calls "the first wealth." They must not sneer, as some of them are inclined to do, at the scientific investigations of the laws of health, calling them old women's notions, for these investigations have resulted in the prolonging of human life nearly fifty per cent. within the past three centuries. The Massachusetts Board of Health affirms that as large a proportion of the population of the earth now live to the age of seventy, as three hundred years ago lived to the age of forty-three. This may not all be attributed to a better understanding of the laws of health, as peace as well as science has had her victories in these centuries; but no intelligent man can doubt but that the advance in knowledge has largely constituted to the advance in the average of human life.

One of the great drawbacks to health in the farm house is the storage of vegetables in the cellar. These if stored in large piles in a warm cellar, will heat and give off a noxious effluvium in the winter, and if left till warm weather, will become very offensive and very likely will generate disease. Vegetables for stock should be stored in bars cellars, or if these are wanting, in pits or trenches dug in dry soil where they will keep much fresher than in any cellar. Those intended for family use may be put into the house cellar, but in this case the cellar must be kept as cool and well ventilated as possible, and cleaned out as early in the spring as the weather will permit. If any one has potatoes, or turnips, or onions in his cellar as late as May he should understand that he exposes his family to that terrible scourge, typhoid fever. A very perfect ventilation of the cellar at all seasons of the year may be effected by opening a hole into the chimney. In the large, old fashioned chimneys opening on an arch into which the ashes were shoveled by taking up a tile in the corner of the fire place, the best ventilation possible may be secured by removing this tile permanently, and letting the air of the cellar rush up chimney, as it will so long as the chimney is heated. When fires are no longer necessary, and even before this, the cellar windows may be removed, and if the cellar occupies, as it should, the whole ground plot and windows on all sides, the ventilation will be perfect. In any event the old vegetables, with perhaps the exception of potatoes, should be taken out. Potatoes are not much inclined to decay at this season of the year, but should be looked over, sorted and chitted, and the small and rotten potatoes as also the sprouts and all rubbish of every kind, removed, and the cellar whitewashed. The kitchen of many a farm house looks nice and tidy, while the cellar is full of disorder and filth. Such a farmer may not be guilty of murder prepense, but there is great danger that manslaughter, possibly parricide, may be laid to his charge.

The privy of the farm-house is another bed of disease. Here also the citizen has the advantage over the countryman. The city water-closet is not only a great convenience, but is, if properly constructed, free from the sanitary objections to the country privy. The farm-house tontine was formerly located at some distance from the dwelling, but this involved the necessity of a walk in all sorts of weather—an exposure to which the ladies very properly objected—and has been very generally exchanged by well-to-do farmers for an indoor bank of deposit in some remote corner of the house. This obviates the danger from exposure to weather, but increases the danger of generating disease. There is no more fruitful source of zymotic diseases than a neglected deposit of human fæces. The fomentation of such a deposit not only fills the air with the spores of typhoid, scarlet, and other fevers, especially when there are patients in the house sick with these diseases, but the ground for some distance around the privy becomes full of infection, the water of the well and the air of the cellar become tainted, and when a case of diphtheria occurs in the family, the wonder is how it could have originated in an isolated farm-house. If death occurs it is considered a mystery of Providence instead of being attributed to the culpable neglect of his tontine by the farmer. There is no necessity for half the fevers which occur in farm-houses. Fill up the vault of the privy daily with a few shovelsfull of dry earth or sifted coal ashes to absorb all effluvium and manufacture a rich fertilizer, and clean it out once a month, at least, during warm weather. The health of the family and the fertility of the farm will thus be promoted.

SHALL WE PASTURE, OR SOIL FEED MILCH COWS?

The answer to this question must depend in a measure, on location and the character of the soil. In the vicinity of cities and large towns the price of land is so high that, to make it pay a fair rate of interest, and the taxes, it must be managed in a manner to secure abundant crops, while in new or sparsedly towns, where land is cheap, it is not so important to keep the farm in a high state of cultivation; and methods may be adopted to advantage which would be considered wasteful, where land is valuable. Farms that are hilly and rocky, and cannot be easily brought under cultivation with the plough, oftentimes produce good feed and can be pastured to advantage; but experience proves that land that can be tilled will keep a much larger number of cows to a given number of acres of land, if they are kept guarded and fed on green crops, than if permitted to go to pasture and help themselves; it is also a well settled fact that horned cattle injure land, by grazing, much more than sheep; in fact that they will in a few years exhaust the land to such degree that the better varieties of grasses will die out and be replaced by the poorer, coarser varieties, or perhaps the mosses may take possession, and thus compel the cows to roam over a wide range to satisfy their hunger. But if cows are kept guarded and fed on green crops, and proper means are used to save all of the manure, the farm improves every year. This was demonstrated by Hon. Josiah Quincy, who was one of the first to introduce the system of soil feeding into this country. He kept on his farm, at one time, one hundred and thirty milch cows; the milk was sold in Boston at a very high price, on account of its purity and richness. By a liberal use of muck in the yard and barn, to absorb the liquid manure, he was not only able to keep his land in a high state of cultivation, but was able to sell manure enough to pay the labor in taking care of the cows.

Soil feeding gives other advantages besides the improvement of the farm. The cows being kept more quiet and receiving feed of uniform quality as well as a regular quantity, give more and better milk, which produces a higher quality of butter. The labor and expense of fencing and the great encumbrance which it makes on the farm is avoided, as is also anxiety caused by breachy cows, and the constant watchfulness required to keep the fences in repair.

Cattle that are constantly kept in a small enclosure, are more quiet and contented, than when permitted to roam over large tracts of land; and when milking time comes, the farmer knows where to find them, which is not always the case when turned out to pasture, especially if the weather be stormy; who does not look back to his boyhood days, when he drove the cows to and from pasture, and remember the fact, that when it rained the hardest, the cows would be in the corner of the pasture the farthenest from home, and also how persistently they would take to the bushes, and stay there, until driven out by a very wet boy.

As the country becomes older and more thickly populated it will be more necessary to adopt those methods of farming that will secure the largest amount of food to the acre.

When the system of soil feeding was first introduced into this country, it met with a strong opposition by the farmers in all sections. Many considered it an act of cruelty and believed that cows confined to a small enclosure, and fed on green food, would not only give poor milk, but would die from confinement in a few years. But gradually the system has found favor among those who have small farms consisting of good tillage land, and who believe in progress and high cultivation. The hard and uneven, rocky land of the hill towns of New England is being abandoned, and the plains and valleys are being cut up into smaller farms, and occupied by those who believe in a high state of cultivation. As the hill farms rapidly come up to bushes and woods, they are no longer suitable for pastures; and the plains and valleys, in some localities, are already too limited in extent, to furnish pasturage for a sufficient number of cattle, to supply the surrounding population. In such localities it is undoubtedly best to abandon pastures altogether and soil feed the milch cows; wherever this plan has been adopted, so far as we know, it has given entire satisfaction, and no desire has been felt to go back to the old method of pasturing the cows.

The objection brought against the system of soil feeding, by those who have never tried it, is that it is too much work to cut the food and feed the cows; but the time required to cut the food and feed small herd of cows, is no more than the time required to repair fences, look after the cows, and drive them to and from pasture; but even though it be more, the additional amount of manure secured by keeping the cows yarded is sufficient alone to cover all of the expenses of the preparation of food and feeding.

When the system was first introduced the cows were fed principally on grass cut a few hours before being fed out, that it might be allowed to wilt; but it was soon found that green cultivated crops could be grown and used to advantage. Hon. Josiah Quincy used large quantities of kale, a kind of cabbage which the cows were very fond of, eating it with great apparent relish. Green corn fodder is now used to a considerable extent, by nearly every one who keep their cows yarded during the summer. The first green crop that is ready to cut in the spring is winter rye; this is one of the easiest and perhaps cheapest green crop that is raised; on warm land it can be cut by the middle of May; if the land be planted with corn as fast as the rye is cut, a succession of green crops can be secured throughout the season. If the cows be given one feed a day of green grass, it will give them a variety, and keep them in a better condition than if kept entirely on corn or rye fodder. Hungarian grass is a good crop to cut green, and will grow well on light warm soil, but if the soil be cold and heavy it would be best to sow oats which also make a good material to feed green. As soon as it is fairly demonstrated to the satisfaction of all that green fodder can be kept sweet all the year, on the ensilage principle, large numbers of farmers will be convinced that it is for their interest to keep their cows yarded, and will abandon the system of grazing except for sheep.

Questions & Answers.

☞ All questions to the Editor, desiring answer through the *Ploughman*, should be accompanied by the full name of the correspondent.

HUNGARIAN—LICE ON CATTLE.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I have a lot of land which I wish to sow with Hungarian grass-seed. I also wish to get it into grass land. Can I do it at the same time by sowing my grass-seed with my Hungarian? I wish to sow it in June if it can be done. What amount of each seed ought to be used per acre, and will night soil, well mixed with loam, be good to use in seeding down?

What is the best thing to kill lice on cattle and fowl? By answering these questions through the columns of the *Ploughman* you will oblige a subscriber. E. A. F.

Manchester, N. H., May 16, 1880.

It would not be advisable to sow grass-seed with Hungarian; it would be much better to plough the land again as soon as the Hungarian is cut, and then lay it down to grass. To have good fine straw, that will be readily eaten by horses and cattle, five pecks to the acre of Hungarian seed is not too much. Night soil, if well composted, is good for almost any crop, but for grass it is excellent.

We have seen cattle freed from lice with very fine dry loam sifted on their backs; if this is not sufficient, yellow snuff will accomplish the work.

When fowls get lousy it is best first to fumigate the house by closing it tight and burning sulphur; the nests should all be thoroughly cleaned, and in the new nests sprinkle freely pulverized sulphur; give the hens wood ashes to wallow in. At the end of two weeks repeat the process.—[ED.

RHEUMATISM OR LEG-WEAKNESS.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I have a game cock who has some difficulty with his legs; seems to be unable to stand on his feet, and lays down most of the time; feeds well, and seemingly has no disease other than this. What shall I do for him? S. R. P.

Dorchester, Mass., May 15, 1880.

The bird evidently has the rheumatism, or possibly leg-weakness.

In either case keep him in a dry place and feed stimulating food. Give him a little cooked meat daily and ground bone in his feed. Add a little sulphate of iron (a piece as large as a bean to a quart of water) to his drinking water, and if he gets no better in two or three days, soak his feet in water as hot as the hand can bear.—[ED.

ONE OF THE "LOST ARTS" RECOVERED.

We are informed by Dr. Bailey, of "Winning Farm," that Ensilage is not a new discovery of M. Goffart's, or even a French or German discovery at all. That the ancient Romans constructed silos or vaults in which they preserved fruits, vegetables and forage in their green state by subjecting them to pressure. The system of Ensilage is now and long has been practised by Mexican farmers, to whom this method was doubtless taught by some learned Spanish Catholic monk or priest who, through a spirit of adventure or religious zeal for missionary work, was induced to accompany the Spanish adventurers which thronged to that country upon the subjugation of the Astecs by Cortes and his followers. Without doubt the idea was seized upon by the French during their recent occupation of that country, carried back to France by them, improved upon, and its great utility demonstrated. It is often said there is nothing new under the sun. In this case, that which we believed to be an original discovery of M. Goffart, proves rather to be one of the "lost arts," which after being unused for centuries seems destined to revolutionize modern agriculture.

HOUSEWORK.

A lady correspondent of the *Ploughman*, writing from West Brookfield, Mass., says:—

"Perhaps it will be interesting to some of the readers of the *Ploughman* to know something of what I have been doing in the cooking department the past year. I made 2,731 doughnuts, 474 pies, 260 loaves of wheat bread, and 39 loaves of plain cake. The puddings and fancy kinds of food I made no account of. Possibly there are those who consider housework mere play; but one can see by this statement that there is some work in this branch, and it is but a small part of what belongs to general housework.

FARMER'S DAUGHTER."

TARRING FENCE POSTS.

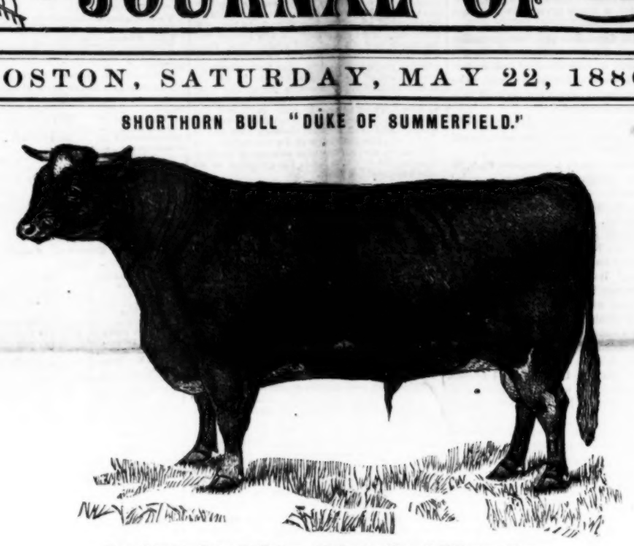
A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* writes as follows:—"I have tried tarring fence posts, and seen it tried by others a great many times, and my experience is that near the surface of the ground (the difficult place to keep sound) the preservative effects of the tar are completely neutralized in from one to two years by the action of the soil—wet and dry. I saw some oak posts treated with a covering of hot coal tar, set in July, 1869, which completely rotted off, and the fence had to be rebuilt in 1877. The location of this fence, however, was such that it was subject to frequent changes of wet and dry.

"It occurred to me, some years ago, that after applying coal tar it would be a good plan to burn it off, thus producing a charred surface, which will resist decay under all circumstances. I set some white cedar posts in this manner in 1875, and they are as sound to-day near the surface of the ground as when set, and since then I have followed the practice up quite generally. I cover the posts thoroughly with hot tar, being careful to cover to some inches above the surface of the ground, then pile up the tarred ends together, six or eight in a pile, and set fire to them, turning them over, if necessary while burning until the entire surface is thoroughly charred. It is better to apply the hot tar, as it enters all the cracks and checks and also the pores of the wood, and some of it remains there under the charred surface.

"It will not do to treat green posts in this manner, as the confined moisture soon rots the posts from the inside, but I can see no reason why a dry post so treated will not last a great many years.

"In the experiments which have been made with coal tar applied to woodwork exposed to earth and moisture, it has been found important to heat both wood and tar to cause it to enter the pores, and this is doubtless effected very efficiently by the charring described in the preceding report of experiments. Simply applied to the surface of wood exposed above ground, coal tar has been found to do more harm than good. Where we have used it for wood at the surface of the ground, properly driven into the pores, it has made it last in some instances twenty years, when without this protection it would not survive five years.

SHORTHORN BULL "DUKE OF SUMMERFIELD."



Owned by Dr. John M. Bailey, of Winning Farm," Billerica, Mass.

"Duke of Summerfield" was bred by the Massachusetts Agricultural College; was dropped Nov. 7, 1878. Sired by "Baron of Grass Hill," No. 18,995, American Herd Book. Dam, "Yucatella," No. 914, American Herd Book; G.-Dam, "Yarico 57th," g.-g.-dam, "Yarico 11th," by "Kirkleavington." He was bought when a calf by John M. Bailey, of "Winning Farm," Billerica, Mass.

MANURES.

Anything which, being added to the soil, directly or indirectly promotes the growth of plants, is a manure. Manure directly assists vegetable growth, either by entering into the composition of plants, by absorbing and retaining moisture from the atmosphere, or by absorbing from it nutritive gases. Manures indirectly assist the growth of plants, either by destroying vermin or weeds, by decomposing in the soil, by protecting plants from sudden changes of temperature, or by improving the texture of the soil. The manure from cows and all animals that chew the cud, is considered cold and suited to a light soil; that of horses, hogs and poultry is hot, and best suited to a cold, heavy soil. All new and fresh manure engenders heat during fermentation, and has a tendency to lighten the soil, while old, rotten manure is thought to render it more compact and firm. The manure of birds is richer than that of any other animal. Three or four hundred weight of manure of fowls, turkeys, etc., is equal to from fourteen to eighteen loads of animal manure. Guano is manure of this class. It is well to apply about two hundred weight per acre, with one-half the quantity of other manure. Guano should never, in fresh state, come in contact with seeds or roots of plants, as it is sure to destroy its vitality. A thick coat of hog pen or barn yard manure spread on the garden and turned in every spring, will enrich, warm and lighten the ground better than any application of other manures. The principle animal manures are those of the horse, the hog, the cow and the sheep. Of these, the horse is the most vaiuable, in its fresh state, but it should be exposed as little as possible, as it begins to heat and lose its nitrogen immediately, as may be perceived by the smell; mix it with other manures, and cover it with absorbents as soon as possible. That of the hog comes next in value, while the cow is at the bottom of the list. The richer the food given to animals the more powerful is the manure. If animal manures are employed in a fresh state, they should be well mixed with the soil and given to coarse feeding crops, such as corn and the garden pea nearly all plants do better if the manure is composted and fully fermented before use. Bone dust, mixed with ashes or pulverized charcoal, and sown broadcast over the ground at the rate of three bushels per acre, is very beneficial, and the most valuable for turnips, cabbages, etc., and the quantity needed for an acre is so small, that the expense is less than almost any other application. Common salt, at the rate of six bushels per acre, sowed in the spring, on lands distant from the sea shore, not only promotes fertility, but is very useful in destroying worms and slugs. Marl, where it can be obtained, may be supplied with advantage, especially to sandy soils. Soot is excellent to drive off insects and vermin. Very little of this can be obtained, but it should be carefully preserved and applied in small quantities to cabbages, turnips, cucumbers, melons, squashes, and all plants infected with insects. Charcoal renders the soil light and friable, and gives it a dark color and additional warmth for early crops. When composted with night soil it becomes *poudrette*, and is second only to guano as a fertilizer. Leaves, straw and rubbish thrown together, and moistened with a mixture of lime and salt, if kept damp until decomposed, forms the best known manure for trees and shrubs. Swamp muck, mixed with salt, lime, or leached ashes, is of value where it can be obtained, but of still more value is the leaf mold, or black surface soil of the woods. For the vegetable garden, it is best composted with fresh animal manure, but can be applied directly to most plants in the flower garden, many of which will not flourish unless this material is present in the soil. Tanbark, decayed chips, sawdust and shavings, covered with soil are of great advantage to potatoes. Wood ashes, leached or unleached, may be used with decided benefit as a top dressing to most growing vegetables, especially onions and turnips. Plaster sown upon growing crop, is good for turnips, cabbages, beans, cucumbers, squashes, melons, and all broad leaved plants.—*D. M. Ferry's Seed Catalogue.*

THE CUT WORM.

There is scarcely any land free from the wire worm, or any crop that is not subject to their voracity. They occur wherever grass will grow, being particularly harbored among clover roots, and are always prevalent in meadow and pasture lands, seeming to thrive best in the vicinity of swamps and woods. Young oats, wheat, rye and barley suffer much from being partially or entirely cut off below the surface, cabbages and many root crops are also injured; turnips, perhaps, more than any other, as they are cut off when young, and have the roots badly eaten into when larger. In gardens they are very destructive. It appears that Indian corn is the greatest sufferer, especially when it is the first crop planted in new land, or when the season is cold, wet and late. Upward of thirty have been planted in a single hill, and nearly the whole of the seed planted is sometimes destroyed.

One of the most successful remedies on a large scale is a mixture consisting of two parts of quick lime, three parts of soot, and one part of coarse or refuse salt. This is used as a top dressing, being applied immediately after compounding, and should be well rolled in. It has the advantage of being perfectly harmless to the crops, indeed, it is a most excellent and powerful fertilizer, as well as a destroyer of all kinds of insects and many weeds. Refuse from gas works, nitrate of soda, rape cake and chloride of lime, mixed and spread with manure, are highly recommended, and the sowing of soda ash or guano broadcast when planting. A previous crop of white mustard is claimed to clear the land of them, presumably by starving out, for the roots of the mustard are extremely acrid and occupy the soil to the exclusion of any more nutritious ones. A close grazing with sheep seems beneficial when pastures are badly infested. The same result is also obtained by compacting the surface with heavy rollers.—*Exchange.*

☞ For home use there is no better beet than the Early Bassano, while Early Blood turnip is as good as any for market. This is a good winter beet if sown late.

The Poultry Interest.

POULTRY NOTES.

[P. R. in N. Y. Tribune.]

Although omnivorous, fowls very soon get satisfied on any kind of animal food, and I utilize this fact to some purpose. Early in spring, as soon as digging begins in the garden, I call them all in, and while the ground is being turned up they are extra vigilant in picking up all the worms brought to the surface. They are called in every day, but on the second day some few fall off, and so every day, till all have been satiated, when, call as I may, they do not respond; and during the summer no calling will get them to come in the garden. My neighbors all wonder why my hens don't destroy the garden, while they are obliged to shut theirs up to keep them out of theirs.

"Never keep a cock over one year on the same range, no matter how fine a bird he may be; or if the cock be kept, then the hens must be changed, if a healthy, good laying flock be desired. Never keep any young cock that may be hatched from your own eggs. Never get a supply of cocks and hens from the same person; get the hens from one yard, the cocks from another. Either of these maxims will prevent breeding in and in, or any approach thereto. This practice may have so deteriorated your fowls before you owned them; and this is most likely the reason why yours are so feeble in constitution as to give way on all sides; whenever one of them gets sick it can hardly ever recover. When a cock has passed its prime (three years), all his progeny will be liable to gapes, roup, etc., and the progeny will all be ailing and very poor layers. They will die without any apparent cause. I have looked through my back diaries for a case of gapes, and do not find one recorded since 1841.

The Dairy.

JOHN STEWART'S BUTTER METHOD.

[Prairie Farmer.]

John Stewart, of Iowa, has made a fame as a butter maker that is not confined to this continent. In 1873-4-5 he took away the highest honors at the great St. Louis Fairs; in 1876 he carried off the gold medal at the Centennial Exhibition; he was equally fortunate at the Royal Agricultural Exhibition in London, England, in 1879; in 1878 he took the first premium on October butter, and at the same fair in 1870, he took twelve premiums. Recollect, too, that this butter was made in Iowa. It has been but few years since the mention of Iowa as a dairy State would have elevated the nose of an Eastern dairyman at an angle of 45 degrees. Things have changed in this behalf, thanks to John Stewart, and many like him, who have achieved triumphs in butter and cheese dairying, which have shown the country and the world what the West can do in this industry.

Mr. Stewart's method in making butter is contained in a pamphlet issued by him in the interest of making good butter. He begins with the treatment of the cow. She must have a warm dry stable, and be fed liberally with ground corn, oats and barley mixed in equal parts. He discards the use of turnips and oil cake, but emphasizes the necessity of plenty of good hay and water. He discourages the use of wooden pails, employing tin, which must be thoroughly scalded before using; the receiving can is set in cool water. If a cellar is used for setting the milk, he would permit nothing else in it, keep it well whitewashed, and attend to the ventilation. In his opinion, milk is injured if chilled too much in cold weather, or if it reaches too high a temperature in warm weather. When the weather is warm he surrounds the pans with water as deep as the milk; milk will keep sweet thirty-six hours at a temperature of 55 to 65 degrees. He does not permit cream to thicken in warm weather before it is taken off; skims sometimes in twenty-four hours, and again at forty-eight hours, according to the condition of the cream; does not keep cream longer than forty-eight hours before churning; churns every day, if possible, at a temperature of 58 to 60 degrees in summer, and 62 to 65 in winter; draws the buttermilk before the butter forms in mass and washes the butter with clear cold water, or brine, which is better, until the liquid runs clear, then gathers and works it thoroughly, using an ounce of salt to a pound of butter; sets it away for twenty-four hours, and works all the milk out, giving a dash of cold water occasionally.

In packing he uses the best quality of tubs soaking them twenty-four hours before packing; packs closely to sides and bottom; and fills the tub level full, puts on a clean bleached muslin cloth saturated with brine, and a layer of wet salt over that, puts on the cover, fastens with three strips of twine, and the butter is ready for shipment. Butter made in this way brings a good price.

☞ Col. F. D. Curtis recommends the following mixture to kill lice on animals: Melt hog's lard, or any hot grease, and in it dissolve salt one-third of the bulk of the grease; take as much grease as will be required to smear the animal all over, and into the mixture pour kerosene oil and stir it up. Two gills of the kerosene would be sufficient for a cow of ordinary size. One application completely cured the most stubborn case of lice on an old hog. It leaves the skin smooth and clean, removing the scurf and healing the irritation caused by the parasites. It is also excellent for galls and sores.—*Prairie Farmer.*

☞ Few plants will bear intense shade In dense natural woods the ground is almost bare, while when the trees have been partially cleared off, abundance of plants will soon make their appearance. Most of the climbers like a little shade, because it is their nature to climb the trunks of trees, where, of course, they must be somewhat shaded by the overhanging branches. All ferns prefer shade.

Stock Department.

INFLUENCE OF PARENT UPON OFFSPRING.

[American Agriculturist.]

Many and different views have been held upon the relative influence of parents upon their offspring; but in modern times, the discussions of this question date from the publication of a number of prize essays, written on the following subject: "Whether the breeds of live stock connected with agriculture, be susceptible of the greatest improvement from the qualities conspicuous in the male, or from those conspicuous in the female parent." This was in 1825, and the prizes were given by the Highland Agricultural Society of Scotland; the essays, wholly, or in part, appearing in the Transactions of this old society. The claims of one of these writers can be briefly stated in his own words. "Any hypothesis which would assign a superiority, or set limits to the influence of either sex in the product of generation, is unsound, and inadmissible." This assertion seems bold, but we will see that even with fifty-five of the best years of thought and investigation in this direction, the essayist was not far from the truth as the matter stands to-day. Another writer asserts that the greatest modifying influence is possessed by the male, and gives a number of cases to prove his point. These instances cited by the essayist, admit of a different interpretation. Dr. Miles, in his "Stock Breeding," says on this point, "the males used being more highly bred than the females and likely to be prepotent in the transmission of their qualities, his conclusion as to the superior influence of the male, are not sustained by the evidence presented." This is an important thought in this quotation. The "more highly bred," that is, the longer animals of life or similar characters are bred together, the stronger becomes the power of stamping those characters upon the offspring. When an animal thus bred is crossed with one without any strong common character in its ancestry, the former has the greater influence—the controlling power over the offspring. So far as known this principle holds equally good with females as males, but as, in general practice, a blooded male is crossed with grade or "native" females, and the result is an animal more after the sire than the dam, it is quite natural that the conclusion of the writer might be obtained. The reason why, in the majority of cases, the males will be the higher bred, goes without saying, the whole question resting on the fact, that a male can serve a number of females. Through the purity of the blood of the males, must the mass of domestic animals be raised to a higher standard, and it is the work of the pure-blooded female, to produce these males to go out and infuse this higher blood; to impress good, strong characters, on the otherwise comparatively plastic natures of the low-bred stock, or in other words, those that have not been *bred* at all.

We must not confound strength of character, as we have been using the term character, with the vigor and strength of the animal. A male of high constitutional development, full of animal life, may be very weak as regards its power to express itself upon the offspring, and *vice versa*. Aside from breeding, or the lack of it, there are other though secondary conditions, which determine in some measure, the animal's prepotency. Thus, the age has an influence. Animals either immature, or in old age, do not, in general, control the offspring to the degree that is observed when in the full strength of middle life. Again, the powers may be lessened by over use, to be regained by repose. It is hardly necessary to mention that in some of these secondary modifying conditions the sexes do not share equally, as is especially the case in the one last mentioned. Another of the Highland essayists dwelt upon the theory that the male controlled the *external*, and the female the *internal* qualities of the animal. This ingenious idea has been the one most discussed in later times; but being based on pure assumption to start with, and not upheld by subsequent physiological, embryological, study, like many others, has the Scotch verdict upon it: "Not proven." Dr. Miles, whose work, above mentioned, contains all the most recent information on this question, says: "Instead of a limitation of the influence of each parent to a particular set of organs, we find the parent that is prepotent in the transmission of its characters, has a controlling influence upon the internal as well as upon the external organization of the offspring." Whatever the whole truth of the subject may be, at present it must be admitted that there is only one known law bearing upon it: "Like produces like;" the action of which results in fixidity of character, and therefore controling power.

MASSACHUSETTS AGRICULTURAL COUNTY FAIRS FOR 1880.

Essex, at Lynn, Sept. 28 and 29.
Middlesex, at Concord, Sept. 29 and 30, and Oct. 1.
Middlesex North, at Lowell, Sept. 28 and 29.
Middlesex South, at Framingham, Sept. 21 and 22.
Worcester, at Worcester, Sept. 7, 8, 9, and 10.
Worcester West, at Barre, Sept. 30 and Oct. 1.
Worcester North, at Fitchburg, Sept. 28 and 29.
Worcester North-west, at Athol, Oct. 5 and 6.
Worcester South, at Sturbridge, Sept. 16 and 17.
Worcester South-east, at Milford, Sept. 28, 29, and 30.
Hampshire, Franklin and Hampden, at Northampton, Oct. 6, 7, and 8.
Hampshire, at Amherst, Sept 23 and 24.
Highland, at Middlefield, Sept. 16 and 17.
Hampden, at Springfield, Sept. 28, 29 and 30
Hampden East, at Palmer, Sept. 21 and 22.
Union, at Blandford, Sept. 22, 23 and 24.
Franklin, at Greenfield, Sept. 30 and Oct. 1.
Deerfield Valley, at Charlemont, Sept. 23 and 24.
Berkshire, at Pittsfield, Oct. 5, 6 and 7.
Housatonic, at Great Barrington, Sept. 29 and 30, and Oct. 1.
Hoosac Valley, at North Adams, Sept. 21 and 22.
Bristol, at Taunton, Sept. 28, 29, and 30.
Plymouth, at Bridgewater, Sept. 22, 23 and 24.
Hingham, at Hingham, Sept. 14 and 15.
Marshfield, at Marshfield, Sept. 15, 16, and 17.
Barnstable, at Barnstable, Sept. 28 and 29.
Nantucket, at Nantucket, Sept. 8 and 9
Martha's Vineyard, at West Tisbury, Oct. 5 and 6

Correspondence.

FLORIDA.

Special Correspondence of the Mass. Ploughman.

LETTER NO. IV.

Stock-Growing in Southern Florida.

Leaving Indian River at Taylor's Creek, we struck over the spruce ridge, which is found from half a mile to a mile from the river, and soon came into a more open country, with some palmetto scrub.

As we proceeded we began to find Savannahs of several miles in extent, with saw grass ponds at intervals, with a sparse growth of pine on the highest ground.

Before reaching Five Mile Creek, you reach a rich grazing country, and beyond Ten Mile Creek there are prairies fifteen miles across.

We were much surprised to find such rich pasture, and consequently to see such good stock. All our previous experience had led us to believe that nothing but the poorest diminutive cattle could be raised in Florida. All that we had seen on the St. Johns and Indian Rivers was of this class, and those who owned it seemed willing that we should believe no better could be raised in any part of the State.

Around Fort Drum, on the Kissimmee, west to Tampa Bay and south to Charlotte's Harbor, large herds of cattle are kept, from which shipments are made every year to the West Indies.

Rolliston, whose "cow boys" we fell in with, will brand 2700 calves this year, so that of all ages he must have several thousand.

We remained a week at "Uncle Jack Sellers," and had an opportunity to see the process of "cow penning," the primary object being to brand, mark and castrate the calves, and secondly to improve the land and save a portion of the milk for dairy purposes.

To a stranger the morning and evening "cow call" of the women must be a novelty. In the still air the call may be heard a mile or more, commencing on a low note and running up the scale. So far as I have seen or heard, the women have the care of the milk, and do the milking as well.

When men use the "cow call" they usually accompany it with the pop of a whip, whose lash is fifteen feet long, and whose crack is as loud as that of a rifle.

When the whole drove comes up at evening, and meet their calves, there is such a lowing and bleating as one only hears at home at our Cattle Fairs in the fall. In the morning the cows are turned out first and allowed to choose their pasture and get quite a distance from the pens, when the calves are turned in the opposite direction, and by this means seldom meet the cows during the day.

In branding, a fire is built in the pen and the iron heated, two or three men catch and throw the animal down and hold it while another makes the brand and marks the ears. Each owner has his registered brand, and the ear marks are for various members of the family, or for any other purpose the owner may choose.

The cattle are frequently herded and milked by children and members of the family, who are rewarded by a present of calves at branding time. Marrying a wife who has cattle of her own is called "marrying a wife with horns."

When sold the cattle are all driven to the Gulf coast and yarded near deep water so that schooners can come alongside the pen; a rope is put around each animal's horns, and it is lifted on board. They are usually unloaded and fed at Key West.

At branding time in spring it is customary for each owner to organize a "cow hunt." The party are mounted on horseback, and if the hunt is expected to last several days, they usually send an ox cart forward to the various camps with provisions for men and horses. All cattle with the owner's brand are separated and started homeward. If the cows have calves by their sides, they are also his, and if he should find young stock without mark he claims them also and puts on his brand.

The life of a "Cow Boy" is not without its charms. Mounted on a spirited pony, with a rifle slung across his shoulders, with a blanket and coffee boiler strapped to his saddle, he strikes across the country at will, with a climate so equitable that he is hardly too warm by day or too cool at night. We are satisfied that one would suffer less with the heat in Southern Florida in mid summer than in New England. With the exception of perhaps an hour in the day the wind blows constantly, and with the thermometer at 90 deg. one does not feel the heat oppressive.

The country is well stocked with deer, turkey and fish, with enough bear, tiger and tiger cats to furnish an exciting hunt occasionally, so that you will hardly fall in with the "Cow Boys," but they will have some wild meat or exciting adventure with which to entertain you.

At all times when moderately dry this country must be delightful, but we hear there are times and exceptional seasons when the water renders it very uncomfortable.

One year ago last fall there was a "Fresh" that exceeded any thing that had been known since Gilbert's Bar was closed 35 years ago.

There was a continuous heavy rain for several days accompanied by a strong southeast wind, which together raised the water in the St. Lucie and set it back into the Prairie country from one to five feet deep. All along Ten Mile Creek the water came into the houses from twelve to eighteen inches above the floors, making it three or four feet deep outside. Some ten families escaped to an Indian Mound as a temporary refuge, in boats made from the floors of their houses, and afterwards used them to escape to dry land some three miles away.

In this vicinity there are various rookeries, where the beautiful plumed birds of Florida build their nests in spring. While at "Uncle Jack's" he made several trips to some of the nearest and secured some fine plumes to take home with us. We also took off two nice 'gator skins and intend to have some chairs seated with them, as we were quite taken with some we have seen. Se's bear is growing nicely preparatory to its trip to New York." "Aunt Polly" endeavored to start a pair of Sand Hill Cranes for us to take home with us. The eggs were found and hatched by a hen, but after making a precocious growth for a few days they died.

We secured a large collection of air plants of various sizes and different colors, and a quantity of Florida moss, on Ten Mile Creek, and returned to camp on Indian River to pack up our treasures preparatory to our journey home. And now on board the "Lillean" with our trunks, valises, barrels, boxes, &c., securely packed in the hole we have concluded our winter's sport with a grand gala day of snapper fishing.

We left the Inlet at day-break for the snapper banks. On the way the decks were cleared for action, bait cut, lines prepared, and oilers put on by all who intended to fish.

As we neared the banks the lead was frequently thrown to learn the depth of water and material of the bottom as indicated by the particles which adhere to the wax in the bottom of the lead. When we were supposed to be on the Banks a trial line was thrown and when the fish snapper struck the deck it was the signal for every line to go over-board, and soon crew and passengers were busy in hauling the fine fellows from the clear depths ten fathoms below us. They somewhat resemble bass in shape, are of a bronze color and average about ten pounds each. When called to dinner we had taken 220, and afterwards made the number up to 400.

The excitement was increased by the hooking of four enormous sharks, two of which were captured after a hand fight, and landed on deck, their flesh to be used for bait, and their jaws, vertebra canes, and shark sand paper divided as trophies.

And now as we are bowling along under a ten knot breeze, "homeward bound" the light house at St. Augustine is in full view; the stars and stripes float from Fort Marion and the roofs of the various hotels glisten in the evening sunshine. Soon they will fade from view, and when night drops its curtain o'er the "Land of Flowers" we must take our last view of Florida, for this winter at least. G. H. R.

April, 1880.

[CORRECTION.—In the letter of our Florida correspondent, published in the *Ploughman*, April 10, the word hammock was incorrectly spelled "hummock." The *Florida New Yorker* says: "The name *hammock* is derived from the Creek or Seminole tongue, and was used by the aborigines to distinguish a deciduous forest. According to the poet, Will Wallace Harney (good authority), it should be spelled and pronounced, "*Hamak*." It has no such signification as the work *hummock* as used at the North.

The Ploughman

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1880.

A great amount of political activity is expected to be centered at Saratoga this season.

The United States Senate saw fit to reject the action of the House of Representatives in relation to the star route abuses and extravagances. A conference committee was appointed.

A woman's college has been practically organized at Cambridge, without being known by that name, and without involving the University in any sort of difficulty. The college for women has succeeded by the force of merely letting it alone.

The Porte replies to the last collective note of the Powers, by proposing an international commission of inquiry to settle the Montenegrin question. It is regarded as simply absurd, and as a mere pretext for delay, without a shadow of excuse save the internal condition of the Empire.

The screen law, in the towns and cities where it is allowed by the local authorities to operate, is working in such a way as to discourage the proprietors of liquor shops, although some of them insist that drinking in plain sight of everybody will deter very few persons from the habit.

It is reasonably certain that Congress will not adjourn until some action has been taken, on the subject of counting the Electoral vote. It is reported that the President has declared, within a few days, that if an adjournment takes place without some legislation on the subject, he will promptly call Congress together again.

The Mark Lane Express says the aspect of agricultural affairs is but little advanced since last week. Night frosts in many districts have checked the development of wheat, which is generally backward and frequently thin. Unless genial weather sets in speedily, the chances of ultimate mischief to crops will be considerably increased. Scotch advices are somewhat better.

Secretary Evarts shows the one-sidedness of the British interpretation of the Treaty as respects the fisheries, and recommends the adoption of such measures by Congress as will restore to our fishermen the home market "as it stood before its freedom was thrown open to the provincial fishermen in exchange for the free fishery opened to our fishermen."

The forest fires have done and are still doing immense damage in Pike and Monroe counties, Pennsylvania, notwithstanding large forces are fighting the fires day and night. In New Jersey, they have been raging a long time, and the people are well nigh exhausted in trying to overcome them. Fires likewise are burning in the region of Lake George, in New York.

The New York Times thinks there are two kinds of bills that are certain to be taken care of by Congress, no matter what becomes of all others. The people may be deprived of mail facilities, the creditors of the Government be clamorous, the courts closed, and the postoffices closed in darkness, but Congress votes its own pay and perquisites, and it is attentive to the voice which demands special appropriations for "the deestrick."

The revenue cutter Corwin is to be dispatched to cruise in the waters of Alaska, for the protection of the interests of the Government on the seal islands. The commander is instructed to make careful inquiries respecting the whaling barks Mount Wallaston and Vigilant, and also regarding the progress and whereabouts of the steamer Jeanette, and to extend any needed assistance, if practicable, to any or all of these vessels.

CONGRESS.

A bill has been introduced in the House of Representatives by Congressman Loring for the restoration of the duties on fish and fish oil. After a short time, a motion to suspend the rules and pass the river and harbor bill was agreed to by a large majority. The post office committee has ordered reported a bill directing the postmaster-general to make contracts for the transportation of United States mails to such West Indian, South American, Central American, Mexican, and trans-Pacific ports as, in his judgment, will best subserve and promote the postal and commercial interests of the United States. In the Senate, a bill was reported from the committee on agriculture to enable the commissioners to test the practicability of manufacturing sugar from the sorghum. The bill was also reported, with an amendment, regulating the pay and appointment of deputy marshals. The Senate passed the post-office appropriation bill, after amendment. The report of the Secretary upon the Fortune Bay fisheries question was received, in which congressional action is recommended in accordance with its findings. The President transmitted to the House copies of the correspondence with government of Great Britain relative to the alleged outrages on American citizens at Fortune Bay, Newfoundland, together with the report on the matter from the Secretary of State. Sundry bills were introduced in the House, and the President sent several nominations to the Senate. The tariff question is apparently no nearer a determination than before. It is not by any means probable that Congress will adjourn by the 1st of June or earlier, there being a feeling of resistance to such a step on the part of those who are resolved that certain measures shall be passed upon before adjournment.

APPLE-BLOSSOMS.

It is at this very time that the apple orchards are in their glory of blossoming. They show still another annual glory, when they are laden with their ripening fruit in autumn. But blossom-time is of all seasons one of exquisite pleasure to both eye and ear. A fine, full-grown tree, in a state of perfect efflorescence, is a sight worth any one's beholding, and calculated to minister to one's purest gratification. We fear that those who habitually walk and ride among the ranks of trees in the orchards and that line the roadsides do not always appreciate the delights which are now flung in such profusion around them. If they knew it, they are the most favored of mortals, free to breathe this sweetly-scented air, to feast their eyes on sights that can be conceived worthy to crown the hills of paradise, and to drink in the exhilarating wine that is poured out from the overflowing beakers of spring.

We travel far from home, many of us, in quest of sights which are successfully rivalled by that of a noble apple-orchard in full bloom in May. The exquisite blending of pink and white colors in the blossoms, the star-like opening and spreading of the flower clusters, and the setting of dainty green supplied by the nascent leaves, form a bouquet of beauty which is rivalled by nothing but its indescribable aroma. Then to its rosy beauty there is added another charm in the dear domestic associations with which the apple blossom is entwined. If we learned to love the familiar and the simple as we learn to love what is brought from afar, our enjoyments would not only be more deep and lasting, but they would greatly increase the store of our contentment. We should love home more deeply and abide in it longer.

The useful in the end is made to appear in our eyes as the only handsome. Let us pause to consider what a plight we should be in if the apple were cut off altogether. As a fruit of commerce it is continually rising in pecuniary rank and importance; but as a fruit for the table, entering as it does into so many forms of food-production, cooling and refreshing the palate, supplying new resources for the blood, and satisfying the appetite when all other things pall, the apple deserves to be placed at the head of the list of our common fruits and to take the lead in those which conduce to the comfort and support of a family. An apple is an honest specimen of fruit, carrying the entire cargo of its species within its tinted skin, and indebted to no foreign aid or art for its palatable qualities. There is, above all, no fruit that savors of the soil of home like the apple, for it blossoms and ripens in the garden near the door, in the orchard, over the wall, or in the hill-side pasture which is streaked with the paths made by the cows.

Hawthorne showed himself not only the poet he really was, but the innate depth of his affection for what is native and simple in loving above others the sweet and ruddy apple-blossoms, which were so fitly laid on his coffin when he was borne out on that fresh morning in June to his grave. They are a flower that deserve above most others to be celebrated in both prose and verse. Because they are abundant, they are not therefore the less beautiful. We err grievously in despising as we do the familiar and the common. Nothing is more so to us than sunrisings and sunsets, the stars at night, and the falling of the fleecy snow; yet all of these are for our delight as well as our instruction, and beauty is as much glorified in an apple-blossom in May as in the skies that are hung with their midnight lamps.

The Agricultural Appropriation Bill.—The debate in the House on this measure on Tuesday, was protracted and interesting, consuming the entire legislative day. Its consideration was resumed on the following day. There was a full representation of the agricultural interests present, and a number of elaborate and able speeches were made. Agriculture was declared to be the basis of all wealth and prosperity of the country, and it was justly charged that its importance and its interests have been alike disregarded in the past. Mr. Aiken, of South Carolina, a granger and a member of the agricultural committee, expressed the opinion very positively that the Bureau of Agriculture should be one of the departments of the Government, and that our greatest industry, the one by which all others subsist, should have equal recognition in the councils of the nation with her other great interests. A reference to the tariff brought Judge Kelley, of Pennsylvania, to his feet, who replied with much vigor and earnestness to the charges brought against protection. But the discussion of the bill brought the agriculture of the country into merited prominence, and called forth an eloquent and effective declaration and defence of its claims as well as its interests.

The Dark Day.—One hundred years ago, on the 19th of May, 1780, was the notable Dark Day in New England,—a phenomena without a parallel in the existence of its people. There was some distant thunder heard in the southwest in the morning, the forenoon was cloudy, with an occasional appearance of the sun, and afterwards the clouds began to turn a yellowish hue and to reflect a similar light on all objects below them. It then grew dark within an hour, and the darkness continued to increase until one o'clock, when candles were lighted and kept burning all the afternoon. The darkness was not that of a thunder-cloud, but a vapor like the smoke of a malt-house or a coal-kiln, and there was a strong smell of smoke all day, as there had been for days previous. The weather had been very dry for ten days previous; it being the season for burning the woods to plant corn, the fires had burned considerably. The low grounds especially were filled with smoke for five or six days before. Numbers of birds were found dead, and others flew into the houses. On the upper part of the Connecticut River, Dr. Jeremy Belknap narrates, there was no darkness noticeable, and there was a light gleam in the northeast. The sun was darkened, where this phenomena prevailed, for the whole afternoon; and the evening was one of total darkness, with a strong smell of smoke. A stranger wrote to the Boston Gazette that "it was never darker since the children of Israel left the house of bondage." In Boston the inhabitants were obliged to dine by the light of candles. At Ipswich, the darkness gradually increased, until at one o'clock it was complete. A company assembled there at the house of Rev. Mr. Cutler dined about two o'clock, the windows being open, and two candles burning on the table. During the period of the greatest darkness the poultry went to roost, cocks crowed to one another, woodcock whistled as they commonly do in the night, frogs piped, and in short everything wore the appearance of midnight at noonday.

The Oleomargarine Business.—There is no doubt that it has been greatly overdone at the start. The dairy interests are aroused for their own protection, while the consuming public has been made to understand that, if it prefers this stuff to honest butter, it will have to buy it under its real name and not under that of butter. No one presumes to criticise his neighbor's taste in such a matter; but every one has an undoubted right to demand that so well known a trade-mark as that of Butter shall not be stolen for the purpose of selling a greasy compound to unsuspecting customers. It would be a comparatively easy matter to ruin the butter trade by confusing the public mind on the subject of butter so that it could not tell one from the other on the face of it. But that is not to be tolerated. If legislation is for any good purpose, it should especially protect the people against imposition and fraud in articles of food. To sell something that is not butter under the name of butter is too gross a fraud to be endurable.

Emigrant Ships.—It is quite as important that the emigrants who come to this country from Europe in such increasing numbers should be provided for at least as carefully as we provide for our cattle that we export thither. As a rule, they have none too easy a time of it. It is rumored that a bill will shortly be reported in Congress on the subject, which will embody many of the provisions of the present law respecting the protection and care of emigrant passengers during the "middle passage," with an application to ocean steamships. It regulates the amount of space to be allotted to each passenger, the arrangement of berths, the conveniences for ventilation, the amount and quantity of provisions, the hospital arrangements, the discipline of the crew, the carrying of explosives and other dangerous materials, and provides adequate means for carrying out its provisions. Such a bill is understood to have the favor of Congress.

Liberating Cuba.—The Cuba revolutionary committee of New York has issued an official announcement of the landing of a liberating expedition, some eighty strong, on the south side of the Island of Cuba, under General Garcia. They took with them a very large quantity of arms and ammunition, together with a large assortment of torpedoes and explosive materials, consisting of dynamite, nitro-glycerine, several kinds of blasting powder, and electric apparatus. Gov. Garcia's staff carry thirty-six shooters, rifles. The point of departure from the United States and the point of landing in Cuba are kept a close secret for the present, lest the information might prevent the sending out of additional expeditions. The Cubans profess to believe that the whole party will be massacred if it is caught by a larger force of Spaniards. They say that the struggle for Cuban Independence will now begin anew. A good band of Cubans is reported to be gathered near where the expedition landed, and the slaves in that part of the island are said to have demanded their freedom. Active preparations are making for sending out another expedition.

Ireland in Parliament.—It is not expected that the views of the new government in England regarding the coercion act for Ireland will be made known until Parliament meets, when Mr. Forster will be ready to make his statement. It is asserted without any ground for belief that she will recommend the removal of the act. The new ministers are said to have been concerting measures of amelioration. It is expected that preparations will be made to meet any increase of distress during the next few months, and legislation is even anticipated of a character to permanently settle the land question. The London Times advises a brief renewal of the coercion act, almost as a matter of form, in order to give the new ministry time to adequately grasp the state of affairs. The Standard says, however, that, so far as it is enabled to form a judgment, the Government intends to allow the coercion act to quietly drop. There is no doubt that more careful attention will be paid to the urgent needs of Ireland by the new ministry than has been paid to them for many years.

Root Root Sugar Manufacture.—The United States Consul at Crefeld, Germany, writes to the State Department that the number of beet sugar mills in Germany is 329; in 1850 there were 194. The number of pounds of sugar made in 1878 was 850,000,000; in 1850, the number was 118,000,000. It takes about twelve pounds of beets to make one of sugar. The total product of beet sugar in all Europe is about three thousand million pounds annually. Consul Potter offers several timely and practical suggestions to American producers of beet sugar. One is, that the territory in the United States best adapted to the best is New England, the vicinity of the great lakes, and the same zone westward. The United States have many advantages favoring the production of beet-root sugar. He thinks no industry could be introduced into our country that will yield more wealth and contentment to the people than this.

The Burning of Milton.—The town of Milton, in Pennsylvania, has been visited with the direst disaster that can befall any town or city. A fire broke out in the car works in that fated town on Friday last, and, a heavy wind prevailing, the flames could not be checked until the entire business portion of the town was destroyed. It is now estimated that seven hundred houses were burned, including all the churches. Several human bodies were recovered, burned beyond recognition. Six hundred families were suddenly made homeless. Large quantities of household goods were loaded on cars and taken up and down the railroad, and the fields about the town were filled with similar articles. Thieving prevailed during the confusion, one lady having thus lost $80,000 in Government bonds. The fire raged so hotly in the upper part of the town that most of the people barely escaped with their lives. The loss is estimated at about $2,000,000. Three thousand people are homeless and destitute of clothing, provisions, and all the necessaries of life. The Governor of Pennsylvania at once appealed to the people of cities and towns throughout the State for aid.

At the State Prison.—In the official investigation into the treatment of the convicts at the State Prison by the Warden and his subordinates, an investigation which was ordered by the Legislature at its late session, it is very noticeable how many of the convicts who appear before the committee as witnesses, have been men of local repute and respectable social standing, not to be classed with the low thieves and burglars who numerically constitute the principal part of the prison's population. It suggests that, if this kind of inmates continues to increase as it has done of late years, the State Prison will in time become a public depository for decayed virtue, lost reputation, and worthless citizenship. Among the names of those dragged out into the light as witnesses are such well known ones as Abraham Jackson, Lucius W. Pond, S. Angier Chace, James F. Edmands, three physicians, Deacon Andrews, Col. Sibley, and Chas. L. Whittier, Treasurer of Methuen.

"The Country Week."—Since the summer of 1875, the Young Men's Christian Union of this city has made a practice of sending poor and deserving children for a week or fortnight's vacation to pleasant and suitable homes provided in the country, and this year it enters upon its sixth season of such benevolent work. The first year it sent out into the country 160 children, and in 1878 it sent out 1046 children. Last year it thus benefitted 1316 persons, of whom 164 were adults, workingwomen, or mothers with young children. The children are carefully selected from among those whose vacation otherwise would be the doorstep life of alleys or straying around the streets. The Union makes its urgent appeal for aid in this direction to those friends who look forward to long and pleasant country weeks for themselves, and who feel as if they and their children would enjoy them all the more for offering the price of a week's board, or of two or three of their rides, to children who are by birth denied their own good fortune.

Envoys from Africa.—Half a dozen black envoys from the portion of Africa which has been explored by Stanley, representing the monarch of a wide region of that unknown country, have come to England to bring the king's compliments to Queen Victoria, robed like himself in royalty, and requesting her to express, through her envoy, her desire in respect to the status of missionaries in his kingdom. They also had orders to request a supply of rum and rifles; and in hopes to hasten compliance with his request, they announced their master's wish to embrace the Christian religion, provided he is permitted to retain the worship of his idols—the great snake, the lord lion, and the strong elephant. The Queen is to give an audience to the six black envoys, who put up at Charing Cross Hotel.

☞ We acknowledge the attentions of Dr. J. M. Bailey, of Winning Farm, Billerica, in sending to this office a handsome specimen of the Ensilage which is made in his silos, and which has been preserved in its present perfect state since last year. Accompanying the hermetically sealed jar in which it reached us, were two very handsome locks of wool from his Cotswold sheep, which were fed on Ensilage during the winter and spring, showing conclusively that it is a food from which the production of a very long and handsome fleece may be confidently expected. Dr. Bailey regards Ensilage as one of the "lost arts," now restored to the agricultural world for its rapid advancement and the promotion of the substantial welfare of man.

—The fire commissioners of Boston wisely favor the discontinuance of the public striking of the bells for fire, and would confine the alarm to the notification given over the wires to each fire company at the house.

—Gen. Melikoff, the military dictator of Russia, has issued an order to all the governors of the provinces in European and Asiatic Russia, directing an immediate review of the cases of all persons who, during the past four or five years, have been deprived of their freedom on political grounds alone. This will liberate members of many thousands of Russian families who were believed to be lost to them forever.

—The management of the State Prison is under investigation.

—There is no telling how much good the recent rains have done, nor what a fresh face they put upon the country.

—The whole amount of the capital stock of the American Telephone Company, $7,350,000, is duly certified and paid in.

—Gen. Devereaux has presented Willard's famous picture of "Yankee Doodle" to the town of Marblehead, and it has been placed in the reading-room of Abbot Hall.

—It is understood, says the Wall Street *News*, that Russell Sage had an interview with James R. Keene on Friday of last week, regarding an united bull movement, with Jay Gould as one of the parties to the operation. Keene is said to have answered that he was ready at any time, but Sage suggested that Gould wanted more time for preparation, and he therefore advised delay.

—The Fish Cultural Association have discovered that the lobsters along our coasts are greatly diminishing in numbers, and that unless some means are employed for their preservation, similar to those taken by Maine and Massachusetts, they may possibly disappear altogether.

—Rugs were formerly the fashion, but now they are bought for use. People, as they use up their carpets, are purchasing rugs for the sake of economy.

—Millions of wild pigeons come into the forests of Michigan every other year to nest.

—The New York State Treasurer received, last month, nearly $3,000,000 for State taxes, an unusual showing.

—More than four hundred car loads of gravel from Weston are being dumped daily into that portion of the Back Bay lying between the tracks of the Boston and Albany railroad, Chester Park, and Beacon street. The filling will, according to estimate, take a year and a half.

—When Queen Victoria was at Baden, one of her favorite recreations was sketching in the Black Forest.

—On the water side, the stranger who approaches Boston has his eyes regaled with a view of timber frames, constructed on the tops of the buildings for the support of telegraph and telephone wires.

☞ Our readers will do well to notice the advertisement of Hermon W. Ladd, XX Cot, in our paper this week. Here is a good bed for a little money, and it is appreciated, as the enormous sales of the past year proves.

A Cough, Cold, Catarrh or Sore Throat requires immediate attention, as neglect oftentimes results in some incurable Lung Disease. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" will almost invariably give relief. Imitations are offered for sale, many of which are injurious. The genuine "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" are sold *only in boxes.*

☞ The Syracuse Chilled Plow Co. have doubled their production every year.

PROFIT, $1,200.

"To sum it up, six long years of bed-ridden sickness, costing $200 per year, total $1,200—all of this expense was stopped by three bottles of Hop Bitters taken by my wife. She has done her own housework for a year since, without the loss of a day, and I want everybody to know it, for their benefit.,

READ AND RUN.

—The members of the City Board of Health and nearly all the attaches of the Department, were vaccinated last week, an item of probably more importance to themselves than anybody else.

—Shingles cut in various forms are regarded as a very ornamental addition to the outside walls of a wooden house.

—The international exhibition of sheep, wool, and wool products, under the auspices of the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society, will be held in the permanent exhibition building, Fairmount Park, next September, in Philadelphia.

—The President announces his intention of visiting the Pacific coast this summer.

—The decline in prices is expected to stimulate consumption and trade.

—The subscriptions in this city for Irish relief are more than $100,000.

—Memorial Day occurs on Saturday of next week.

—The Pennsylvania coal owners are trying all sorts of ways to put the price of coal higher than it now is. A suspension of mining work for two weeks in June is proposed for that purpose.

—The emigration from Europe to this country goes on at an astonishing rate of increase. May will show even a much greater exodus than April.

—Extensive forest fires have been prevailing in New Jersey and Pennsylvania, destroying immense quantities of valuable wood and timber.

—Buying low and selling high is said to be the true way to make money, but the trick is to find out when buying is low.

—An old lady who couldn't readily find a seat at Barnum's Show in this city, last week, turned around and inquired aloud for the sexton.

—A boiler explosion in London, last week, instantly killed fifteen persons and wounded twenty-five more.

—Six transatlantic steamers sailed from this port last Saturday.

—A. Bronson Alcott, of Concord, read a paper before the New England Historic-Genealogical Society on Wednesday, entitled "The Farmer's Boy." It was largely autobiographical.

—The Governor has been petitioned to fill one of the vacancies, which will occur this year, on the Board of Health, Lunacy and Charity, by appointing a woman.

—The Unitarian Festival is to be held in this city, in Music Hall, on Thursday next. Presidents Eliot of Harvard University will preside. Dr. O. W. Holmes will welcome the guests, and Dr. H. W. Bellows, of New York, will respond for the clergy.

—Several retail liquor shops in Cambridge are about to be closed by their proprietors, the new screen law interfering seriously with their regular business.

—Col. Gordon, the agent of the Egyptian Government, has been selected as the private secretary of the Marquis of Ripon, the newly appointed viceroy of India, and will accompany the latter to Calcutta.

—There are forty thousand persons in Belgium engaged in braiding straw hats.

—Russian students are now forbidden to marry, the penalty being expulsion from the university.

—Sir William Vernon Harcourt, the new British Home Secretary, has been defeated for Parliament in the recent election at Oxford.

—The debts of Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, are ascertained to be nearly four million dollars.

—Gen. Grant has accepted an invitation to visit Santa Fe, New Mexico, and will go there after his visit to Colorado in the latter part of June.

—The diary of the German poet Heine are not to be published, which is thought to occasion a great loss to the literary and political world.

—The women are asking to be admitted to seats in the approaching conventions of the two political parties.

—From the frequency of theatrical benefits just now, we may reasonably infer that the theatrical season is drawing to a close.

—The Suffolk Bar is against locating the new Court House on the Reservoir site, on Beacon Hill, by a decided majority.

—Henry S. Foote, a noted politician and public man, who once beat Jefferson Davis in the race for the Mississippi Governorship, is now an old man of eighty years, and very feeble.

—Eighty more men have made a landing in Cuba, with the intention of liberating her. They will doubtless come to the garote, the majority of them.

—All the railroads out of Boston, according to the new spring and summer arrangements, are increasing the number of their trains and quickening their time.

—Large numbers of emigrants are going west by rail from this port, every week.

—The expert testimony against the colored cadet Whittiker appears to be overwhelming.

—The last number of the London Economist says that the position of continental securities indicates an almost universal return of confidence. Also, that American railways would seem to indicate that the inevitable reaction from the excessive inflation of the past year has at length set in.

—It has been found necessary to take off three accommodation trains from the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, in order to accommodate the greatly increased freight traffic. The business offering it is reported to be beyond the facilities of the road.

—The Fruit and Flower Mission, in this city began its work last Monday morning. At the chapel of the Hollis Street Church, flowers and plants, fruits and vegetables are required for distribution among the infirm sick and the poor of the city.

—The report of the veterinary department of the Privy Council of England shows that the orders in council enjoining the slaughter of cattle, sheep and pigs from the United States have been fully justified. It states that more infected cattle were imported into Great Britain, last year, from the United States than from all the European countries together in the same year.

—A government of the "Cuban Republic" has been constituted, with what result it remains to be seen.

—The Maine State Press Association will pay a visit to the Pennsylvania coal regions in July.

—The Mt. Holyoke fires burned over a thousand acres of land, destroying large quantities of wood.

—The artist Bierstadt is a guest of the Marquis of Lorne, Governor-General of Canada.

—Decoration Day will be observed in New York on Monday, May 31.

—Two whites and five negroes were publicly whipped at Newcastle, Del., last Saturday, one of them, a burglar, receiving forty very heavy lashes and bringing blood.

—The Cincinnati musical festival promises to be a notable success. The total receipts will amount to $50,000.

—In the recent conflagration at Milton, Penn., some seven hundred buildings were destroyed.

—Dr. Bartol, in his last Sunday's sermon, spoke of people who had atmospheres but no airs.

—A bishop of the Methodist church receives $3000 salary, besides $1000 or $15,00 to defray the rent of his house.

—The health of Minister Lowell's wife is reported to be improving, and she has accompanied him to England.

—Joseffy, the pianist, is in town, and will in all probability soon make himself heard.

—The reunion of the Army of the Potomac is to be held at Burlington, Vt., on the 16th of June. An excursion on the Lake will be enjoyed, and Gens. Sher man, Sheridan, Hancock, Franklin, Slocum and others are expected to be present.

—The coming month is the month of the political conventions.

—The Court House location question is just now the absorbing one in Boston, inasmuch as it concerns the tax bills against the citizens.

—The tunnel under the Hudson River is to be fifty-five hundred feet long, and is to be completed in 1883, in time for the international fair in New York. It is to be more than three times the length of the English railway tunnel under the Thames, and is to accommodate four hundred trains a day.

—Picture sales are really a common thing now in Boston.

—It is constantly insisted that the spots on the sun are answerable for the weather we are having and are yet to have this season.

—Barnum is confessed to have cut seriously into the theatre receipts last week, and the managers were glad to see the seams in the backs of his stockings.

—The condition of things in both European and Asiatic Turkey is deplorable.

—An alleged attempt has been made to kill the Spanish Consul in New York.

—The harbor steamers are beginning to ply more frequently, and our waters will look lively by the first of June.

—The riding-schools prick up, every time a circus comes around.

—"They say" that Queen Victoria used hard words to Gladstone when he finally entered her presence, but they were in Italian. We supposed, however, that the Italian language was a peculiarly soft and sweet one.

—The summer hotels are advised to have no floral decorations at all this season, or else to have only fresh ones.

Uncommon Experience of an Ocean Steamer.—The experience of the Cunard steamer Samaria on her last trip from Liverpool to Boston was somewhat peculiar and out of the ordinary course, by which 500 lives were providentially saved. When about two-thirds across, or about 1000 miles east of Boston, Wednesday, April 28, she came up with the Danish steamer Thingvalla, from Copenhagen for New York, with 468 passengers, mostly emigrants, and a crew of over 50. The Thingvalla was flying a flag of distress, having drifted about 150 miles out of her course, being almost helpless from the loss of so small and simple a thing as the key which held her propeller to the shaft. She could make no headway under sail while the propeller, though of no use, was still attached to the shaft, and the captain hardly dared take the risk of "shipping" the propeller, for fear of following the fate of the Hirbornia, who tried the experiment some ten years ago, by which the ship and the lives of 300 persons were lost, only five being saved from the whole number on board. Added to these misfortunes the immediate presence of several large icebergs was more cooling than cheering. In this condition and these surroundings the Samaria found the disabled boat, which had already been helplessly drifting about for five days, and offered to tow her to Boston. Two strong hawsers about 8 0 feet in length attached the steamers to each other, and they made haste to part company with the icebergs. Everything went well for two days, when a storm caused the parting of one of the hawsers; and it was also found that the ungoverned propeller was thumping about, endangering the ship by threatening to knock out the stern-post, or a hole in the stern, so it was found necessary to slip the propeller, which was successfully done, finding its last resting place in the bottom of the sea. A small line was floated by means of an empty barrel back to the disabled ship, and by that means a new hawser was got to her, and all was well again. The ships communicated back and forth by signals. The weather was quite stormy, and both ships labored much of the passage, but safely arrived at Boston May 5, the Samaria about two days behind time only. The passengers were taken to New York by rail at 50 cents each, and the Thingvalla has been towed around at a cost of $2500. Add to these sums the sum that will be paid to the Cunard company for towing the boat 1000 miles, and we have the value of so small a thing as the key that holds the propeller to an ocean steamship's shaft.

☞ Messrs. Houghton & Dutton state very truly in their advertisement, which may be found in another column, that no lady or gentleman can afford to pass their establishment who are in want of any kind of goods in which they deal, as their variety and prices defy competition. It is a revelation to pass through and examine their store.

THE DOCTORS YIELDING.

Ever since Prof. Green wrote to the Medical Record advising physicians everywhere to use the Safe Kidney and Liver Cure in their practice, it has been gaining in favor with the profession. They can find nothing which is a substitute for it. R. Caulkins, M. D., of Rochester, N. Y., says he would now prescribe it to all who are afflicted with serious kidney and liver diseases.

☞ S X Wick Trimmer, 15 cents. See advertisement. apr24-4t

☞ Chew Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. Joseph T. Inman, *Station D., New York City.* dec20

ARE YOU GOING TO PAINT?

The Averill Paint—ready for use—is guaranteed superior to all others. Parties intending to paint will find it to their advantage to investigate its merits. By addressing the AVERILL PAINT CO., 19 Federal Street, Boston, a sample card and testimonial will be cheerfully mailed. mh13-9t

MARRIAGES.

In this city, May 15th, by Rev. Dr. Barrows, O. Perley Foote to Miss Hattie Fay Otis, both of this city.

In this city, May 16th, by Rev. A. A. Miner, Mr. Alford Marcon of Hoopeston, Ill., to Mrs. Marcia B. Wardwell of Lake Village, N. H.

In this city, May 17th, by Rev. Robert G. Seymour, Charles M. Davis of Jefferson, Me., to Matilda Hatch of Waldoboro', Me.

In East Boston, May 18th, by Rev. Warren H. Cudworth, Mr. Enoch C. Stokes of West Meriden, Conn., to Miss Mary Elizabeth Hill of East Boston.

In North Cambridge, May 5th, by Rev. W. F. Potter, Charles I. Baker of Troy to Addie L. Locke of North Cambridge.

In Quincy, May 9th, by Rev. T. A. Snively, Mr. Charles H. Rose to Mrs. Louisa F. Cutler, both of Boston.

DEATHS.

In this city, May 18th, suddenly, Rev. William Warland of Cambridge, 69 years.

In Cambridge, May 19th, Emily Elizabeth Parsons, daughter of Theophilus and Catharine Amory Parsons.

In Malden, May 18th, Tremont Sumner, youngest son of Charles W. and Mary E. Parsons, 23 years 11 months.

In Dedham, May 16th, Abigail P. Chickering, widow of William Chickering, 87 years.

In Canton, May 19th, Mrs. Minnira Moore, widow of the late Capt. Benjamin Moore of Hamilton, Mass., 83 years 10 months.

In Taunton, May 15th, Miss Hannah Sabine, 39 yrs.

In Wakefield, May 18th, at the residence of his son, John Anderson of Boston, 72 years.

In Warren, Mass., May 18th, Charles Bliss, 74 yrs.

In Charlestown, May 18th, John Holbrook, 36 years 7 months 18 days.

In Lexington, April 29th, John Davis, 98 years 6 months.

In North Cambridge, April 30th, Mrs. Sarah R. Kidder, 81 years 22 days.

In Hingham, April 29th, Mr. Frederick Long, 80 years 1 month.

In Lexington, April 27th, Charles Tidd, 73 years.

In South Scituate, May 17th, Susie D., daughter of Rev. W. C. and H. A. Litchfield, 14 years.

In Danvers, May 11th, Mrs. Mary C. Putnam, 61 years 9 months 23 days.

In Roxbury, May 14th, Henry O. Clark, 52 years 11 months.

In Newton, May 15th, William Bragdon, 80 years 4 months.

In Providence, May 15th, Maria, wife of the late William Luce, formerly of Nantucket, in her 77th year.

In Scituate, May 14th, Miss Lucy O. Thomas, 89 years.

In Charlestown, May 14th, Mary B. White, 76 years 11 months.

In Roslindale, May 14th, Lucy F., wife of Artemas Wiswall.

BOSTON WOOL MARKET.

The market for this article is still quiet and unsettled and manufacturers continue to hold back. There is so very little doing that prices are for the most part nominal. We quote X and XX Ohio and Pennsylvania at 48@50c, Michigan and Wisconsin at 45@47c, and unwashed fleeces from 28@40c ₩ lb. Super and X pulled have been selling at 43@60c ₩ lb, but have been quiet. Prices have been settled down at San Francisco and interior points, and it looks as if prices would reach a point where manufacturers would operate with more confidence.

BOSTON BUTTER MARKET.

We quote choice Northern and Western creameries at 21@24c; fair to good do at 19@20c; choice New York and Vermont dairies at 19@20c, and 21c ₩ lb for choice country selections and single tubs at 21@22c; common to good lots at 15@18c ₩ lb. Western butter is selling at 16@18c for dairies, and 15@17c ₩ lb for ladle-packed.

BOSTON CHEESE MARKET.

The market is dull and unsettled. We quote full cream Northern factories at 12@13c, and a few fancy brands at 13½@14c ₩ lb. Ohio is selling at a range of 7@10c ₩ lb for common to good. Old cheese is nearly out of the market, and small lots sell readily at 15@15c ₩ lb.

BOSTON EGG MARKET.

Sales of fresh-laid Eastern at 12c; P E I at 11½@12c; Northern at 11@11½c, and Western at 10½@11c ₩ doz.

ALBANY CATTLE MARKET.

Beeves.—For export there went forward to Hammond & Co., at Boston, 25 loads, or about 250 head, of heavy natives Besides these a large number went through to New York for shipment to Europe. H. S. Rosenthal disposed of on a bunch of 16 good native steers, averaging 1,361 lbs, at $5 15 ₩ 100 lbs, which was about the top figure of the market. Several other sales were made between the latter price and 5c ₩ lb, but most of the transactions were within a range of 4½@5c ₩ lb. The through consignments for the week cover 261 loads to Brighton, including 10 loads of "stockers;" 269 loads to New York, and 38 to Providence.

Prices.—Premium, $5 00@5 37; extra, $4 50@5 00; first quality, $4 00@4 50; second quality, $3 50@4 00; third quality, $2 25@3 00; inferior, $1 50@2 00.

Milch Cows.—Milkers sold at from $35@40, that being about the range, while extra would bring $50, if wanted. Common cows are rated at from $20@35.

Sheep and Lambs.—The trade has been confined solely to transactions in clipped Sheep, of which something over 2,000 head changed hands. No wool Yearlings found sale, and we quote prices as nominal, at 7@8c ₩ lb. A few clipped Yearlings were sold, the range on those being from 5½@6c ₩ lb. Some scattering lots of Spring Lambs arrived, but there was not much inquiry for them, and they can be quoted at $4 50@5 50 ₩ head. We quote Sheep as follows: Sheared, common to fair, 4@4½c; fair to good, 4½@5c, and extra, 5@5½c ₩ lb. Unsheared, common to fair, 6@6½c; fair to good, 6½@7c, and extra, 7@7½c ₩ lb.—*Albany Journal.*

CHICAGO CATTLE MARKET.

Cattle.—There was an improved demand for all of the better grades during the past week, and for everything suited to the wants of shippers and exporters prices moved up 20@25c ₩ 100 lbs. The improvement was due almost entirely to the failing off in the receipts, the arrivals footing up 7,709 head less than for the previous week, which brought out a better speculative inquiry, notwithstanding the generally dull and depressed condition of affairs at the east. Butchers' stock was in fair supply, and the market for all of the cheaper grades was a little unsettled and lacking in strength, the advance noted being confined chiefly to cattle worth from 4c ₩ lb upward. Poor to medium fleshy cows and mixed butchers' stuff sold at $2 50@3 ₩ 100 lbs; fair to good do at $3 10@3 55, and choice to prime fat cows and heifers were salable at $3 75@4, though there were not many on sale good enough to bring the outside quotations. There was some demands for stockers at $3 10@3 65 for fair to good smooth lots, av 700 to 900 lbs, with sales at both above and below these figures, and a limited business was transacted in feeders at $3 80@4. More than two-thirds of the entire supply was taken for shipment to New York, Boston, Albany, and other Eastern points, while a few of the best droves were sold for direct export. Sales ranged generally at $4 70@4 95 for prime to extra beeves, av 1,400 to 1,550 lbs; at $4 40@4 65 for good to choice, av 1,250 to 1,400 lbs, and at $4 15@4 35 for medium to fair fleshy qualities, common shipping and killing steers ranging at $3 80@4 10.

Hogs.—Sales ranged at $4 25@4 45 ₩ 100 lbs for common to prime light grades; at $4 15@4 40 for common to good heavy packing lots; at $4 40@4 60 for fair to choice heavy shipping and at $3 50@4 10 for culls, skips and inferior offerings of all weights.

Sheep.—Prices ruled steady at $5 25@5 25 ₩ 100 lbs for common to choice wooled sheep and at $5 75@4 75 for shorn. A flock of very superior shorn sheep, averaging 145 lbs, was sold at 5c ₩ lb.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Cattle Markets.

BRIGHTON AND WATERTOWN.

Reported expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman

FOR THE WEEK ENDING MAY 22.

Amount of Stock at market:—

	Beeves.	Sheep.	Sheatz	Fat Hogs.	Veals
This week..	4786	6834	128	12930	1890
Last week	4073	6946	440	11616	1322
One yr ago.	4240	8462	275	8740	849

Horses.....595

Prices.

Beef—per 100 lbs. on total weight of hide, tallow and meat, extra, $ @ ; first quality, $ @ ; second quality, $ @ ; third quality, $ @ ; a few choice single pairs, $ @ ; some of the poorest, bulls, &c., $ @

Working Oxen.—$100@130@165; @ handy steers, $65@110 or much according to their value for beef.

Cows and Young Calves.—Fair quality, $30, $35; extra, $40@45; farrow and dry, $

NEWS SUMMARY.

The ponds of Vineland, N. J., on Saturday morning were covered by a thin coating of ice.

William L. Myrick of Pelham fell in his barn on Saturday and broke one leg below the knee.

A whale weighing five tons has been washed ashore near Kennebunkport, Me.

Frank McKenna, 15 years old, was drowned while fishing at Burlington, Vt., Friday.

Patrick Sullivan, four years old, was killed at Fall River Saturday night by falling from a factory window.

The steel industry of the United States is now the second in the world, and in another year will lead that of Great Britain.

Early vegetation was nipped severely by Saturday morning's frost in various parts of northern Franklin county.

The New Haven oystermen have nearly fin ished planting 250,000 bushels, an amount in excess of any previous year.

Miss Hard of Maplewood, while trying to draw a pail of water from a well last week, fell head first into the well and was drowned.

William M. Power, a young Englishman working for Ezra Wildman of Danbury, accidentally but fatally shot himself last week.

Edward Murphy was killed and John Horan badly injured by the fall of top coal in the Hampden colliery at Pottsville, Pa., on Monday.

John Fanton, 10 years old, was saved from drowning at Gloucester on Sunday by John Welch, a boy of the same school, who saved another life within two years.

The barn and tobacco shed on Dr. S. R. Burnett's place near Windsor Locks were burned on Monday morning, with three calves; loss $500; insurance $300.

Sidney Dickinson and Seth B. Crafts are putting up a 28-foot tobacco barns at Whately, for Hiram Bardwell; one 28 by 32 feet. Mr. Dickinson will raise about six acres of the weed.

Grain will sell at Vergennes Saturday at 18 cents, corn 50 cents, commanding 20 cents. Hay brings $10 to $12 a ton, oats at 35 cents a bushel, potatoes at 40 cents.

Mr. Spencer in the town of Lincoln, Vt., are setting maple trees along the highway adjoining their lands, at once beautifying their roads and reducing their taxes under the new law.

Mr. H. Holyoke fires burned over upward of 20 acres of land and took several hundred cords of wood cut and ready for market. A large barn also been burning in the woods at Southampton.

Cranberries at Coleraine have blown well, but the late weather will not favor a bountiful crop. Farmers generally planted their potatoes, and have their corn, the ground being in good condition.

The visible supply of sugar in this country is 100,000 tons more than it was a year ago, with the prospect of a full crop in the West Indies, a combination of affairs which is expected to bring lower prices.

Heavy frost prevailed in Addison county, Vt., the night of the 10th, which wilted the leaves of the tender plants. The apple, plum and pear prospect is good, and many think it will be Franklin county's first crop in the valley.

A farm on the land of the Weymouth iron company at East Weymouth was burned Sunday night. Two horses, two yoke of oxen and a quantity of hay were burned. Michael Sullivan and Patrick Riley are under arrest as the incendiaries.

Wm. H. Hall of Templeton and Mrs. Wm. H. Wright of Hampton were driving in a wagon in the latter city the other day, when the horses started and dashed down a deep ravine. The wagon was demolished, but the occupants escaped with slight injuries.

Mr. Lunn, a native of Lincolnshire (England), has taken a place in New Zealand, and will emigrate, passed a few days in Worcester on his way home, and before leaving the country his travels he shall do his share of work there.

Last Monday afternoon, in the Jewish Cemetery, Dr. Isaac Mayer, a man who for more than 50 years has been beyond the city limits, Dr. Isaac Mayer shut himself through the heart at the end of the day's work, and who died about an hour ago, and who is buried this afternoon.

Alderman Crane's colonial home has recently been refitted for the Governor by one Herr Meyer, a Pennsylvania Dutchman, and the old mansion is prospering exceedingly. Mr. Meyer has been successful in putting more than a thirty of the hotel under cultivation.

The house and outbuildings of Oliver Dole at Mc. Hermon, Mass., were burned on the 12th, together with a horse, cow and 1500 bushels of grain. Mr. Dole and family barely escaped. Insurance, $1,000 on buildings, $1,000 on grain.

Exports of Indian corn from the United States for the ten months ending April 30, aggregated 72,000,000 bushels; of oats, 445,489 bushels; of rye, 1,167,227 bushels. For the ten months ending April 30, 1879, the exports were: Indian corn, 61,000,000 bushels; oats, 5,082,519 bushels; rye, 9,000,000 bushels.

The inoculation of cattle as a preventive of pleuro-pneumonia, which began in Australia, has been successfully introduced on a large scale in Ireland, Scotland. During the past three years 1,367,382,227 bushels. For

The Poet's Corner.

A SONG IN A SHOWER.

Heyday! 'tis May-day; the merry winds are blowing,
Shaking snowy blossoms fast from yonder gnarled tree;
Rough and brown, through tender leaves, the knotted stems are showing,
Bearing little promise of the fruit that is to be.
Blow, winds, blow! We do not heed your bluster.
Hard and fierce your tone may be, yet still your touch is kind.
Safe and warm the germs he hid, in many a tiny cluster,
And we do not mind the blossom if the fruit is left behind.

Heyday! on May-day your eyes look sad and weary,
Maiden, leaning listlessly against the gnarled tree,
What has blown your hopes away, and left your life so dreary?
Where is your fine lover gone, that once we used to see?
Know, Child, know, you have lost a faithless wooer.
You are young; the world is wide—another you will find.
If the first was fair and false, the second may be truer;
So don't regret the blossom when the fruit is left behind.

Heyday! the May-day of life 'is dawning o'er you,
Many blessings this rough wind may blow to you to-day;
Store of patient readiness for what may be before you;
Strength to bear the sunshine that may brighten up your way.
Youth's first dream in all its subtle sweetness,
Passes like that snowy shower, at breath of wind unkind;
After comes the lasting love, in all its rich completeness;
So do not mourn the blossom when the fruit is left behind.

Ladies' Department.

THE HERMIT.

A TALE OF MINING LIFE IN THE SIERRA MADRE.

Away up on the main range—the Sierra Madre—of the Rocky mountains, twelve thousand feet above the sea, rests a little mining camp of some twenty or twenty-five rough log cabins. Right on the edge of timber line! Tall, spruce pines below; bare, jagged rocks above. North, south, east and west huge peaks tower with their massive grandeur and rear their stony heads to the rising and setting sun, and seem like grim old sentinels keeping watch over the little basin in which are the cabins, collectively known as Mineral City. The mountain sides are seamed and ribbed with the rich silver veins of San Juan, and scores of cuts, shafts and tunnels echo daily to the clang of drill and sledge as the hardy miners delve after the metallic treasures of these great storehouses.

Near the blacksmith shop, where the not unmelodious rings of drills and picks being sharpened is heard all the day and far into the night, a little cabin stands unobstrusively upon its rocky foundation. There is an air of neatness about its hipped roof of nicely split "shakes" and its carefully hewn door that speaks well for the patience, taste and skill of its builder. In fact, the cabin is pointed out as a fine specimen of frontier architecture.

The solitary owner and occupant of this little building was known throughout the camp as "the Hermit." Not, be it understood, because of his imitating those poor old beings of ancient story who dwelt in caves and fled at the approach of any one, but simply because he was a taciturn, quiet old fellow, who worked his mine alone, and, when joining the rest of the men about the fire in the saloon, always sought a corner and rarely, if ever, took part in the conversation.

He was vastly different from the rest of his fellow laborers. He never drank; he never swore; but in his quiet, unobtrusive way would sit and gaze intently at the fire, unmindful of the stories, the hearty laughter, the social drinking and the absorbing games of cards going on around him. Tall he was, with a decided stoop in his shoulders; a long beard, plentifully streaked with gray, and a pair of wearied, restless, nervous, yearning eyes, that somehow appealed to the rough but good-hearted miners.

Mail came twice a week in Mineral City, and the saloon was the postoffice. Regularly upon the carrier's arrival the Hermit would join the crowd and listen with an eager, expectant air as the superscriptions of the various letters were read out by the saloon-keeper, and then, when the last missive had been reached and either claimed or set aside, he would lower his head and slowly slip away to his seat at the corner of the fire-place, with never a word. Every mail that went out carried a letter from the Hermit, always directed to the same party, and every month he registered one to the same address, which the boys shrewdly guessed contained such money as the poor fellow was able to scrape together from the scanty yield of his mine—the Alice.

The boys had often debated upon writing a letter to the Hermit, for his continual expectation and his regularly bitter disappointment touched them, but they argued that it would not be what he wanted and so the idea was abandoned. Several of them asked the postmaster to lay aside their letters without reading aloud their addresses, that the contrast might not be so painful to the Hermit, and none of them gave vent to any joyful exclamations when the mail brought them favors, as was their wont. The old whisky keg, at the corner of the fireplace, was always reserved for the Hermit, and come when he might he never found it occupied, or when sitting there was he ever crowded. And so these rough frontiersmen showed in various ways their sympathy for their lonely and silent companion, of whom they knew nothing save what his pinched, careworn and yearning eyes told.

One day the mail came in and the Hermit was not there. This was so unusual that it led to considerable speculation among the boys. Then Roney, whose lead lay near the Alice, remembered that the Hermit had not been to work that day or the day before, and when night came on and the keg in the corner remained unoccupied the boys concluded that investigation was necessary.

"Pards, I reckon the Hermit may be a leetle off and might kinder need help," said Georgia, "an' it sorter strikes me we might call in an' see."

As this met the approval of all the men Georgia and Roney started up to the Hermit's little cabin. A dim light crept around the edges of the old flour sack that acted as a curtain for the little square pane of glass constituting a window, and, after consultation, the two messengers concluded to take a peep before making their presence known.

Georgia put his face to the glass and peered intently within. The Hermit sat on the earthen floor enveloped in a torn and miserable blanket. His hat was off, and his long gray hair was tangled and unkempt. His eyes, which Georgia could plainly see as he sat nearly facing the window, combined with their usual pleading expression a sort of feverish glitter, and the whole attitude of the man was one of despair. In his hands he held what appeared to be a photograph and an old letter, and he never moved his eyes from them.

The rest of the room that came within Georgia's field of vision betokened cleanliness, but at the same time extreme poverty for even that rough country. Georgia withdrew his head and his companion took a look, after which they both retreated some little distance into the timber and paused.

"Well?" said Roney.

"Durned queer," said Georgia.

"Kinder sick-looking, eh?"

Georgia nodded his head thoughtfully.

"Let's see the boys about it," said Roney, and then they retraced their steps to the saloon.

The boys listened with interest to the report and pulled their beards and scratched their heads in attempts to obtain a solution as to what ailed the Hermit. Many and various were the explanations given, and then they decided that Georgia and Roney had better go back and knock at the door and inquire, at any rate, if anything was wrong; so thereupon the two once more started up the trail. They knocked—first softly and then louder—but elicited no response or caused any show of life within, save the extinguishment immediately of the light.

"No use," whispered Roney, and without further word they left the little cabin and its solitary occupant and joined their comrades.

The next day passed and the next, and the Hermit gave no signs of existence. That evening the mail came in, and among the letters was one, in a woman's hand, for John Harmer, Mineral City, San Juan county, Colorado. There was not such a personage in the county, so far as the boys knew, but Georgia, after a moment's hesitation, put his shoulder to the door and with as little noise as possible burst the wooden button off that served as a lock. The next instant and Georgia was in the room. The Hermit lay extended upon the floor, his face flushed and hot with fever and his long, thin fingers nervously grasping and relaxing again the torn blanket on which he tossed.

"What's the matter, old pard?" said Georgia, as he raised the old man's head.

The fevered eyes slowly turned toward his face, the emaciated fingers opened and the poor, lonely old fellow said huskily:

"Don't tell her!"

"Who—tell who?"

"Alice—poor little thing—she don't know."

"Thinking of his folks in the States," muttered Georgia, and then tenderly and carefully he lifted the sick man in his arms and strode away to his own cabin.

The news of the Hermit's sickness spread through the camp, and blankets and food came from all quarters for his use. The store was ransacked for the best that it could afford. A terrible slaughtering of mountain grouse took place that rich broths might be made for the invalid. One man travelled sixteen miles to Silverton to secure a can of peaches, and the men almost fought in their anxiety to act as nurses and watchers. Georgia thanked the boys, but kept them away, admitting only one or two to aid him in the care of the old man. But despite all this attention the old fellow sank and sank, and it soon became evident that the mountain fever had one more victim.

One night Georgia sat smoking his pipe and musing. The owner of the letter had been found, for in his ravings the old man often mentioned the name Harmer, but the boys feared lest he should die before reading it, and this perplexed Georgia sadly. What was he to do with it and might it not contain matters of importance? Had the old man any friends or relatives living, and where were they to be found? All these things and many more came flitting through his brain, and he did not hear his patient slowly raise himself in the bed and stare about him. The old man looked the room over and then his eyes rested on the burly form by the fire.

"Georgia," he said.

In an instant Georgia sprung to his feet and hastened to the bedside.

"Why, pardner, durn it—yer—yer getting better, ain't you?"

The old man smiled wearily.

"Tell me all about it," he said.

Georgia briefly recounted the story of his illness, touching but lightly on what he had done, and laying great stress on the interest of the men.

"But now, old man, you'll soon be up and among 'em," he concluded, with a cheerful laugh.

"No," said the old fellow, with the same weary smile, "but—but I thank you."

"Oh, nonsense—that's all right—you're only a leetle shook up, you know—it's natural, after being as fur down as you've been. You'll soon be all right—cheer up, and don't let your sand run out; besides, I've got a letter for you.

"Letter—for me?", and the old man's face lighted up with an eagerness that sent a tremor through Georgia's honest heart, lest the missive, after all, should notjbe for him. He got it, however, and gave it into the trembling hands.

"Yes, yes," said the old fellow, "it's her writing, I know—like her mother's—oh, how long it has been coming—but now—" and his poor, weak, shaking hands vainly strove to open it.

"Let me," said Georgia, kindly.

The old man let him take the letter, and then said suddenly, in a low, even tone: "Hold on, Georgia."

Georgia paused.

"Georgia," said the old fellow, looking him steadily in the eye, "you've been kind to me—very kind—and I've got nothing to show for it—nothing but confidence, I'm going to tell you something, Georgia, and then—then you can read that letter and you'll understand all the good news it contains."

He paused a moment and closed his eyes. Then he continued:

"Georgia, I was a likely sort of young chap years ago—not such a good-for-nothing galoot as I am now, and I married, Georgia—married the best girl in old Pennsylvania. I was mighty happy—too happy, partner—that's what made it go so hard when she died. We had one child—a little girl—and we called her Alice—my wife's name. She was a wee little thing when her mother died, but very, very pretty. I have no related lines on me, Georgia, and somehow I got to drinking. I know it did me no good, and I know it wasn't right, but a man doesn't reason much when he's desperate like, and so I drank and drank. I sold out everything and put my girl—my little Alice—with my wife's brother. He had a family of his own, and what could a lonely, broken-hearted man like me do for a dear little girl? Georgia, if they'd come to me and talked good and gentle they could have made a man of me, but they didn't. They wouldn't let me come into their house, and they said that I'd killed my wife by drinking. Georgia, it was a lie—a damnable lie. I never drank a drop till she died, and I wouldn't have done it then if I'd had any one to sympathize with me. But I hadn't; I was alone in the world—alone with my great grief, and—" and the old man's voice broke, and his poor, thin hands went nervously over the blanket, while two tears stole from his hot eyes and trickling down the pale, pinched cheeks, lost themselves in the gray hairs of his beard.

"Well, Georgia," he said presently, "they got an order from the court giving the guardianship of my child—my Alice—to her uncle, because they said I was unfit to take care of her. Georgia, if but one kind word had been said—only one—I would have been the fool I was. Well, I left and came West. I stopped drinking. I have never touched a drop since Alice was taken from me. You believe me, Georgia?"

"Yes," said Georgia.

"After awhile I wrote to her uncle, and I told him of my new life and asked him if I couldn't at least write to my little girl. That was in '67, and she was ten years old. He took no notice of my letter——"

"He's a——" broke in Georgia, but suddenly checked himself before concluding.

"Then I thought perhaps he hadn't got it, so I got my money together and went East. But he had, Georgia; he had. It was no use though. He wouldn't believe in me and wouldn't let me see my little girl. He said she should never know b it what he was her father, at least until she was of age. I tried the courts, but I spent all my money without changing the decree. Then I gave it up and came back West again. I gained one thing though. The judge said that when Alice was twenty-one she should be offered the choice of coming to me, her father, or remaining with her guardian. I had to rest satisfied, and I worked and worked to get money for my little girl. I scrimped some, Georgia, but there's nearly $12,000 in bank for her now," and the old man's voice and manner were full of pride.

"She was twney-one last June, and I've been waiting for her letter. I knew it would come. Oh, Georgia, if she only knew how I have worked for her; how I have waited, alone, but still working and waiting; but she has written now, and to-morrow, or next day, I must start East. We will be very, very happy together, and—but read her letter—you know all now," and the lids closed again over the fevered eyes, and the poor old man softly murmured, "little Alice, little Alice."

Georgia tore open the envelope and unfolded the letter, and the old man feebly drew nearer in joyful, happy eagerness:

"My uncle," read Georgia unsteadily, "has informed me of your relationship to me. I have only to say that I regret that the man whose habits killed my mother should also bear the title of my father. I sincerely hope that the Almighty will pardon where we cannot.

Georgia turned towards the old man.

"My God," he said, "the Hermit is dead."

—*Selected.*

MOTHS.

This is the season when the devastating moth begins its nefarious operations. According to the most eminent housewives, the moth is a winged insect that lays eggs in every variety of wearing apparel—with a preference for the more costly articles—from which are hatched caterpillars, which instantly begin to devour all the clothing within their reach.

The moth enter houses at all times of the day and night, and the housewife must be continually on the alert to repel its attacks. In this respect it may be said that the price of clothing is eternal vigilance. One moth is as unable to make a complete summer as is a single swallow, but it can produce a winter of discontent in the mind of the careful woman with a success that no other insect can rival.

There are various spells and talismans which are believed by superstitious women to be efficacious against moths. Prominent among these is camphor. There are women who stoutly affirm that if a garment be sprinkled with gum camphor no moth will approach it. This belief is of vast antiquity, but it is wholly devoid of any basis of fact. There are moths which appear to have a positive fondness for camphor, and regard it as a sort of condiment designed to add piquancy to flannel and fur. The same may be said of tobacco, which in many cases serve to actually draw moths. Whatever else the moth may be, it is intelligent, and cannot be frightened by superstitious rites nor repelled by the pretended power of a fetich. The only way in which to oppose the moth plague is to kill every moth which enters the house. Our leading housewives know and act upon this principle.

It is not strange that in this age of skepticism bold unbelievers should be found who deny the existence of any flying insect which destroys clothing. They claim that flannel and fur develop a small worm which destroys them, but that this worm has no possible connection with the flying insect that is popularly believed to be its progenitor. It is needless to say that this theory is regarded by all good women with horror. Doubtless they are right. There is an immense amount of testimony going to prove that a flying insect is the original parent of the worm which gnaws the clothes of the just and the unjust. Women ought, however, to show some little discrimination, and having settled upon a satisfactory moth, they ought to stick to it, and cease to war against other and harmless insects.—*Exchange.*

A DARING DEED.

BY H. MARIA GEORGE.

It was a sultry morning in the month of August, 1782. Freshly green woods waved around the little settlement of Bryant Station, pitched in the far western wilderness near the shining Kentucky river.

The previous summer a party of settlers from Lexington had built their cabins at this place, and surrounded them by a fence of logs, called a stockade. A deep, narrow ditch was dug, and large, long logs were planted in it upright and close together, when the soil was filled in around them.

Such a fence, or palisade, was usually fifteen or twenty feet high, and an efficient fortification against an enemy who had no cannon with which to destroy it. It was built with crooks or angles, called bastions, and was pierced with many loop-holes, through which those inside could discharge their rifles at a foe outside.

Ingress and egress were afforded by a heavy gate of logs, swinging on huge wooden hinges, which, when closed, was as strong as any part of the walls.

There were about fifty families living within Bryant Stockade, one hundred and fifty souls in all. The men were principally farmers, and their beautiful farms lay without the fort, covered at this time with corn, potatoes and flax ripening for the harvest.

On those green, growing crops, the settlers were depending for their winter's support, and they guarded them with watchful eye. There were labor and care in it, for daily the husbandman worked in the field with his trusty rifle beside him, and night and day a guard stood sentinel in the little watch-tower on the walls to prevent an Indian surprise.

It was a perilous time on the frontier. Incited by English agents, the western savages were waging a fierce war against the encroaching whites. The red men were carrying devastation far and near, burning cabins and hamlets, and putting their prisoners to death with cruel tortures. Aptly was Kentucky termed the dark and bloody ground.

Upon this particular morning, there was unusual stir within the stockade. All night long, the men and women had been moulding bullets, and making preparations for an early march to Hay's Stockade, near which they had just heard Captain Holder had been defeated by the savages. At sunrise the whole garrison stood on the parade ground, all armed and equipped, and their knapsacks holding food for four days.

The women and children were all out saying good-bye. Captain Reynolds had issued his last orders, and the gate was about to be opened for their departure, when suddenly every face paled, and the little children began to cry with fear at the sound of horrible war-cries from Indian throats.

There was a rush to the picketing, and through port-holes the settlers saw on the hillside, among the standing corn, forty or fifty savages brandishing their tomahawks, firing guns and uttering fearful whoops.

"Let's out and at them," cried one of the young men. "We outnumber and can beat them in open fight." Instantly thirty of the pioneers rushed to the gate; there they were stayed by some of the elder men. Versed in back woods life, they knew Indians too well to thus venture their lives by leaving the fort.

"Go not out for your lives," said Captain Reynolds, an experienced frontiersman. "Under band of killing Indians is only a decoy party to draw us out where some larger concealed force would destroy us."

So none left the stockade at that time, but afterwards, when it was quite certain that a larger body of savages were gathered in the surrounding woods, the settlers determined to send some one to Lexington to warn the people there and to obtain assistance.

Two of the garrison volunteered to undertake the dangerous mission. There were horses in the fort, and mounting two of the swiftest the brave men darted out of the opened gate and rode as fast as they could down the Lexington road.

Everybody in the stockade looked to see them fall, shot by Indian bullets, but the concealed enemy remained perfectly quiet, thus showing that they counted on their presence being unsuspected, and were also numerous enough not to fear any reinforcements that might be sent from neighboring stations.

The Indians among the corn were not in sight of the gate or the road, and they still continued to make their horrible noises.

"Yell away!" exclaimed an old Indian fighter. "We ain't fools enough to go out and lose our scalps, and the durned imps ought to know it."

The garrison now held a council to consider what was best to do. There were but a handful beside the enemy, and knew not what their savage foemen would attempt. It was determined to keep a constant watch on every side of the fort, but in no other way to show any suspicion of the ambuscade in the woods.

The sun mounted higher and higher in the heavens, and its heat grew fervent. The men on guard began to weary, and what was worse, they began to be very thirsty. The garrison was confronted by a dilemma of an alarming nature. There was no water inside the stockade.

The last drop had been used during the night in preparing for the march so suddenly determined. The spring within the enclosure had given out weeks before, and through the long, hot summer the garrison had depended for their supply on a spring some ten or a dozen rods away from the stockade, and near the bushes where the savages were supposed to be concealed.

There was no knowing how long the siege might continue. It might hold out for several weeks, but even if it continued twenty-four hours there were fears that the pioneers would perish from a worse foe than the bloodthirsty savages. Something must be done, and that immediately.

A long discussion took place. Several plans were proposed, but none proved feasible. If the men went out in any number, it was almost certain that they would be shot down, and a rush made for the fort. What could be done?

"I will go out alone," said the commander, at last. "The redskins will not fire upon a single man, and I can bring water enough to save us from death by thirst."

"Nay, that shall not be," cried a dozen voices. "Take any of us, but don't go yourself, captain. The risk is too great, and we cannot spare you."

"Why need a man go at all?" asked a girl, standing by. "Let the women go after the water, as they always have done. Probably we could go to the spring and return in safety. The Indians surely will not forfeit their hope of taking the stockade by surprise just for the sake of killing a few women."

Captain Reynold's bronzed face grew pale. It was his daughter who spoke—a brave young thing, whose lover was one of those heroes who had risked their lives to go to Lexington.

"Lass, thou art too forward," answered the commander sternly. "When the men lose their courage then the women can go and risk their lives."

Others opposed the bold project. Those brave men had no heart to see their wives and daughters shot down by skulking savages. They could venture their own lives, but they could not permit the women and girls to rush upon destruction.

But the idea of Deborah Reynolds was popular with her own sex. The older women spoke in favor of it, and so many and such good reasons were urged in support of the undertaking, that Captain Reynolds and the men at last assented to the plan.

In order that there should be no partiality, every woman in the stockade, able to carry a pail of water, was to engage in the terrible task. It was also decided that they should not rush out in a crowd, but should file along in twos and threes, as naturally as possible, so as to excite no suspicions among the Indians.

In order to run the faster, if they had need, the women took off their shoes or moccasins, and went barefooted. The strongest of them carried two pails, but a large number took only one.

Before the gate was opened, the minister knelt and prayed, and they all knelt; strong, rough men, and pale, fair women. When they arose there were tears in the eyes of the bronzed frontiersmen, and the faces of the women were paler than ever, but they looked very brave and solemn.

Then there were hand-shakings and hurried farewells said, for none knew whether they would ever meet again. Captain Reynolds kissed his wife and daughter, and with a broken voice said:

"Look out for mother, Debby. She is not as spry as you are. Take good care of her, and may God save you all."

One by one, two by two, they began to slip through the gateway and start for the spring. Two of the strongest pioneers stood by the gate to close it if a rush was made. The rest of the men were gathered along the stockade at the port-holes, each with a loaded rifle near him, beside the one he held in his hands, ready to fire on the savages if they offered to attack the women.

Some of the latter could not help glancing timidly toward the tall woods and thick underbrush, but most of them walked carelessly as if they suspected nothing, though their pale faces and swiftly beating hearts told of the fear and suspense they were in.

Young Deborah Reynolds was the bravest of them all, she whom the captain had asked to guard her mother. As they stepped out of the gate, the heroic girl placed herself before her older companion.

"Don't do so Debby," said the mother, "walk behind me, then if the Indians fire they will have to kill me before they can hit you."

"No, I told father I would look out for you, and for his and the children's sake you will let me," replied Deborah. "I should not be missed half so much as you."

And so the brave young woman kept between her mother and the savages, both going and coming from the spring. A glimpse of red legs in the shrubbery and a light gleam of a tomahawk when a sunbeam shone upon it, did not serve to make her more assured, but in a few minutes they were all back in the stockade, and not a shot had been fired.

Some of the buckets were not very full it is true, but the poor women did their best, and it was a heroic deed. In all history we know of no more daring deed than the women of Bryant Station performed on the borders of the western wilderness almost a hundred years ago.

The Indians kept hid until night, when nearly a thousand of them attacked the stockade, hoping to surprise it. But they found the garrison ready for them, and they were met so resolutely and vigorously, that they had to fall back, leaving many dead and wounded.

The next day a surrender of the fort was demanded, but a spirited refusal was returned, and as the savages had already experienced the determined resistance of the whites, they molested them no further, and stole away through the great forest.

But the second night, a strong body of settlers from Lexington and adjacent settlements arrived at the stockade, conducted by the two brave men who rode away the previous morning for succor. Bryant Station was saved.

The little stockade fort is now a large and flourishing town in the midst of a populous and highly civilized region. Many years have passed since the last Indian left the spot, but the visitor there will be told the story of the heroism of the Bryant Station women, and on the outskirts of the town he will be shown a ruined cellar, above which stood the house where brave Deborah Reynolds and her brave husband lived for many years, and where they died more than forty years ago.—*Selected.*

WATCHING THE COW.

"Come, look at her, and you will love her.
Go, lead her now through pleasantplaces,
And teach her that our new world's clover
Is sweet as Jersey-Island daisies.

"Yes, you may do a little playing
Close to the gate, my pretty warder,
But, meanwhile, keep your cow from straying
Across the elfin-people's border."

So to the boy his mother jested
About his light task, lightly heeding;
While in the flowering grass he rested
The magic book that he was reading.

At sundown, for the cow's returning,
The milkmaid waited long, I'm thinking;
Hours later, by the moonlight's burning,
Did fairy-folk have cream for drinking?

* * What of the boy? By hill and hollow
Through bloom and briar, till twilight ended,
His book had charmed him on to follow
The cow—the one that Cadmus tended!

—*Scribner for June.*

AN UNPLEASANT TRAVELLING COMPANION.

[Youth's Companion.]

Cousin Tom told me to wait in the station until he came for me; he'd be there in plenty of time to get good seats, he said; so trains came and went, while I sat gracefully on a cane-seat sofa, and watched an old lady wrestle with a big orange, and bought pink soap and countless pins of dilapidated old ladies from Ireland. I crocheted, too, to while away the tedious hours, and was just beginning a new row of "shells," when Tom rushed in in a terrible hurry.

"Molly," said he, "I shall be detained over night in the city. Come quick! I've just time to pop you in to the cars."

The engine whistled, the train trembled, we rushed down the long platform. Tom pushed me into a car, and off we flew. I entered the door and walked half-way up the long aisle before I found a vacant seat.

A very handsome man in a military cloak, who occupied half of this seat, looked up as I paused before him and asked if the place was engaged.

"No, madame, or mademoiselle, rather," said he, rising and stepping into the aisle. "Allow me to give you the seat by the window."

He took off his hat, and stood uncovered until I was seated.

Several of the passengers smiled at his elaborate politeness, but he looked very solemn and dignified. He had a foreign air about him, I thought.

My work was still in my hand, for Tom had hurried me so at the last moment. I now began to unravel the worsted from the needle before putting it into my bag.

"Isn't it a little peculiar," said my companion, "to do fancy work on the cars? Don't you think the passengers will think you are queer, to say the least?"

"I am putting it away," I replied, and I turned and looked from the window.

After a few moments, the gentleman touched my shoulder. 'Have you completed your education?" he asked.

"No, sir."

"Well said!" he exclaimed; "education is never completed. 'Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?" 'Knowest thou the ordinances of heaven? Canst thou set the dominion thereof in the earth?"

"Do you remember that fine passage in the original?" He began to repeat—whether Hebrew or not was beyond my powers to discover.

"Then," said he, "what folly to follow always the poor translations! Why not read in the original? You read in your Testament every day, I hope?"

"Yes, sir."

"In the Greek?"

"No, sir; I do not understand Greek."

"You don't understand Greek? How comes that?" he added, in a severe tone. "*Why* do you not? I am sure you are old enough."

His tone and manner rather startled me, and I turned again to the window.

After a few moments, I felt his arm on the back of the seat, and his hand upon my shoulder; I moved uneasily, and looked about. There was no unoccupied seat, and everybody was reading. His hand remained upon my shoulder. I could feel the lace scarf I wore stir.

"Have you ever seen Graff's German Grammar, young lady?" he asked, removing his hand. "It is a very poor one."

I did not reply.

"I beg your pardon," said he; "you are offended. Perhaps you are Graff himself?"

I remained silent, and gazed steadfastly from the window, my heart beating with an undefined terror.

Again the hand crept up to the back of my neck, and I felt it tremble. I was ready to shriek with fright, but I thought, "However rude and uncivil this man is, he can't hurt me, with this car full of people, and father will meet me at the station."

At this moment, a gentleman from behind us walked rapidly down the aisle, and then came slowly up again, looking at the passengers earnestly as he passed.

He stopped at our seat, and politely raising his hat, said to my companion,—

"Will you allow this young lady to pass? A lady just behind wishes to speak to her a moment, and has asked me to bring her to her seat."

"Who is it?" I asked, feeling instantly comforted.

"She told me not to tell her name," he replied, smiling.

My military-looking friend rose, but laid his hand upon me. "You'll bring her back in a moment?" he queried of the stranger.

"I want her here."

"Oh, certainly, certainly," he said.

A few seats behind was a lovely lady in deep mourning,—pale as death.

"Sit down here, my child," she said, in a whisper. The gentleman looked out of the door at the back of the car, then smiled encouragingly at his wife. The train slackened, —we were approaching a large town.

"I'll tell you why I wanted to see you, my dear, in a moment; I am a little faint," the lady said.

The instant the train stopped, four stout men sprung upon the platform. My new friend opened the door.

"We are after a crazy man," they said; "we've been telegraphed to stop him."

"He's here," said a gentleman, pointing to my old comrade.

I was nearly fainting, myself, for I had heard all that the man had said. In a few moments more, the poor man in his military cloak was hustled into a carriage which stood waiting for him.

Then everybody stood up and asked everybody else who it was, and what was the matter. It seems he had escaped from the great asylum which was near the station from which I had taken the cars. And what had he put his arm about me for?

I'll tell you.

The lady behind had noticed my manner, and saw that he was annoying me. She spoke to her husband, and then, to their horror, they had discovered that he had a small open knife in his hand, which he seemed preparing to plunge into my neck.

They were afraid to call out to him, and instantly devised a plan to get me from the seat without exciting his suspicion.

They probably saved my life by their presence of mind.

The lady said she had almost fainted away while her husband was walking down the aisle, for the lunatic had twice raised the knife as if to give a sudden thrust.

We learned afterwards, that the insane man had been a professor of Greek, whose brain had been affected by family troubles.

We were sincerely sorry for the poor afflicted man, but we hoped we should never again have him for a travelling companion. And you may be sure I never forgot the clear-headed people who were my preservers.—*Selected.*

SAXON SONG OF SUMMER.

Summer is coming in
Loud sing, cuckoo;
Groweth seed, and bloweth mead,
And springeth the wood new,
Sing, cuckoo, cuckoo!

Ewe bleateth after lamb;
Loweth cow after cow;
Bullock starteth, buck departeth;
Merry sing, cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo;
Well singeth the cuckoo—
Sing ever, stop never,
Cuckoo, cuckoo;
Sing, cuckoo!

—*Anonymous, about* 1250.

Correspondence.

NOTES ON EUROPEAN TRAVEL.

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BY T. W. SILLOWAY, A.M.

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FRANCE.

PARIS.—NO. VIII.

PERE LA CHAISE.

This celebrated burial ground is much like our Mount Auburn, a short distance from the city, and was laid out in 1804, or 28 years before our cemetery named. It was the ancient domain of Mont Louis, which Louis XIV had given to the Jesuits, of whom Pere, or Father La Chaise was the superior. It contains 212 acres, and more than 20,000 monuments of various kinds, and here is buried the most remarkable and illustrious dead men of France. As this was the great cemetery of all, we made it in our way to pay it an especial visit, as we were anxious to compare it with ours at Cambridge, and Greenwood at New York, and if we may be allowed to indulge a light thought, in considering a *Grave* subject, will say, we were happily disappointed, for the odds was immensely in favor of ours, and we were disposed to say, we will never again question whether those two of America, are not in advance of all others. At Pere La Chaise, were fine trees, well resembling those in ours, but has a gateway of ordinary design, cheap, and anything but what would have been selected for a cemetery of fair reputation for taste, etc. The main avenue was of respectable width, and clean enough, but not equal to those in any park of Paris or London. No shrub, flower or bush of any kind. The paths were fair, but not especially neat, or in good repair. No flowers in front of tombs or monuments, and save a few of ill kept rose bushes, growing almost at will in the rear of the lots, there were no things of the kind. We were disgusted beyond measure, with the profusion of black and white bead ornaments, mainly wreaths made in flowers, and hung on every where abounding, hung on fences of lots, and lain about on graves We are remembering that these were tokens of affection, and dear to those who placed them there, and would not once disturb them, by a thought of disrespect. We are simply giving our impressions, and for those alone are responsible. These things are sold in cheap shops, which are to be found in great numbers in the vicinity of the graves. We saw not the moment of elegance or note. Not one up to the average of those at Mount Auburn, and at that, not as our cemetery is now, but as it was prior to a quarter of a century ago. We were surprised at the monotony of one thing, and it was the incredible number of marble buildings, if they may be so designated, that were practically all alike, and in rows facing the avenues, and set so close as to be within a few inches of and in hundred of instances their cornices touch each other. They were of white marble, about four feet wide, eight feet long, and as high, with a very light projecting cornice, a low and pitched roof, and a door on the front end. The vast number and exactness or similarity of design was painfully monotonous. We know not their use, but presume they cover graves, in which perhaps many bodies are deposited, as possible and perhaps more probable, they are stairways to tombs below. We came away in a sense disappointed, for we presume that a taste which displayed itself so grandly in the world of life, would be also manifest in those for death, but no. To *live* is the great thing in Paris. To be alive is the one thing, and it would almost seem from what we here saw, that as of old, they did consider death to be "*An eternal sleep.*"

There is at a central point in the grounds a chapel of common Grecian architecture, about 35 feet wide and 60 feet long, with few windows, and of a quite unimposing appearance. In the interior. During our visit, there was a heavy thunder shower, and we with others went into the chapel for shelter. The janitor seemed to act as though we all were intruders on sacred ground, but there appear, even this sacred spot was not left untroubled by the insurgents of the Commune, for May 28, 1871, they assembled and made the place their last stand. Of course they must be dislodged, and were surrounded by troops, and then took place acts of desperation and scenes of horror that are without parallel in the annals of cruelty and insane desperation of even Paris. The insurgents were finally shot down to a man, and here the last traces of the insurrection were obliterated, and so the manifestations of communism in 1871 ended.

We next name two more things of interest; these are first, what is called

THE HALLE AU BLE, &C.

The hall or market of wheat. It was by order of Napoleon I., in 1811, that more than a thousand houses were demolished to make room for this hall, which accommodates 30,000 bags of flour. It has a great dome 126 feet in diameter. In 1570 Catharine de Medicis erected the Doric Column which stands near by, for astronomical observations. It is 100 feet high. She had a strange and insane fancy, and ordered that the column should be carved so as to represent torn garlands, love knots, etc., emblematical of the the widowhood of the princess.

THE HALLE AUX VINS.

Wine Hall. What strikes one strangely as he visits this great wine market is the enormous quantity of wine stored in the 444 sheds belonging to this establishment. A half million casks on the average are here in bond. Brandy and other spirits are stored in fire proof buildings The annual consumption of wine in Paris is one hundred millions of gallons, or fifty gallons apiece for every man, woman and child of the entire population, or almost one seventh a gallon a day,—nearly a pint each. The amount of wine drank also by visitors is incredible. We have to say, that out of England, the exception was rare where at hotel tables an individual was seen who did not use it. We had been informed that as a general thing visitors used it who did not follow the practice at home, but we were not prepared to be for the most part as we were, alone at hotel tables almost the only ones who discarded at. We do not believe in the practice, nor countenance it, but in justice must say, that we did not see one drunken person in France, Germany nor Belgium, the great wine countries. London was as a general thing exempt from persons under the influence of liquor, as we observed. Liverpool was the worst, and a perfect Sodom.

There are a few places outside of Paris proper, that are of so much moment, and their names so familiar to Americans that we must name them, and the first of these is

VERSAILLES.

This is a fine rural place but four miles away, and reached by rail, on which trains are run often, Sundays included. The place has a population of 65,000. There is the grand old church of *Notre Dame*, also the celebrated park, laid out by the great landscape gardener Le Notre. In this are enchanting avenues, shaded by trees centuries old; there are many large and magnificent fountains of singular and ingenious conception; groups of statuary of elaborate design, and many quiet paths and retreats; in a word, this vast enclosure, so ancient and to this day well kept is a marvel, and one of the most enchanting parks in the world.

When we have forgotten much else, still will be fresh in memory this place, which is so much like the Great Hampton Court gardens and park near London. Everywhere in them are marks of antiquity, yet their extent, and design, and embellishment, constantly suggest wealth, high cultivation, and royal life. The charm attending a walk here, or being seated in the shade of these ancient trees or time worn arbors, is inexpressible, and better imagined than described. Exercise the imagination as we will, and yet all is superficial, and simply thought of, but not realised nor known.

THE PALACE

itself, was originally an ordinary or small chateau of red brick, erected by Louis XIII., as a lodge or small retreat. It was so charming as a place of residence, however, that in 1660, his successor, the really greatest king of France, Louis XIV., determined to enlarge it, and convert it into the grand palace that it now is. He employed the distinguished architect Mansard, and the stupendous undertaking was finished in 1681, making it one of the most magnificent royal residences of the world. The king named died here Sept. 1, 1715. In this palace Louis XV., great-grandson and successor to the preceding, was born Feb. 10, 1710, and here he died May 10, 1774. The king last named is noted for his life of open profligacy, and how little he heeded the advice of his great grandfather, Louis XIV. His last words to the young heir apparent were, "My child, you are about to become a great king; do not imitate me either in my taste for building, or in my love of war. Endeavor, on the contrary, to live in peace with the neighboring nations; render to God all that you owe to him, and cause his name to be honored by your subjects. Strive also to relieve the burdens of your people, which I myself have been unable to do."

He became of age in 1723, and for a time the good advice was heeded, but finally, about 1737, he began a life of singular libertinism, prodigality and debauchery. Multitudes of women became suitors for his favor, and the highest nobles of France emulated each other in the r best endeavors to have the honors of pandering to the appetites of the monarch. The Queen was wholly neglected, and the history of the government soon became intimately connected with the changes of the king's mistresses. The debauchories of the king culminated at length in the establishment at Versailles of the *Parc Aux Cerfs*, or the deer park, as it was facetiously called; a harem in which were kept for the pleasure of the king a number of young girls, enticed or torn from their homes by the royal agents. They were changed in rapid succession, but strange to say, Louis spent much of his time in teaching them to read and write, and instructed them in religious matters. He was in the habit of praying with them, and after he became tired of their charms took pains to get them married, and gave them each a considerable dower. Not heeding the advice of his great grandfather, to "endeavor to live in peace with the neighboring nations," he in 1756 disputed with England about the boundaries of the French and English territories in America, which resulted in a seven years' war, 1756–63, in which he lost Quebec and Canada by the victory of Wolfe over Montcalm, Sept. 13–18, 1759. He also lost India, by the victories of Clive and his navy, by the victories of Hawke and other English admirals, and finally, by his bad judgment he had to cede to England, Canada, Nova Scotia, and all the rest of the French possessions in North America east of the Mississippi, also the island of Canada, Dominica, and Tobago in the West Indies. In 1774, a young girl with whom he had a transient amour, communicated to him the small-pox, which, together with a shameful malady from which he was already suffering, caused his death in a few days, and he died May 10th, as before named. Louis XVI., grandson of the preceding, was born here Aug. 23, 1754, and here resided till 1789, when he was removed by the people, and was guillotined in Paris, Jan. 21, 1793.

Two years gone, and the palace was used as a manufactory of arms, and supplied the French army annually with 60,000 muskets. In 1815 it was pillaged by the Prussians, next, it became